

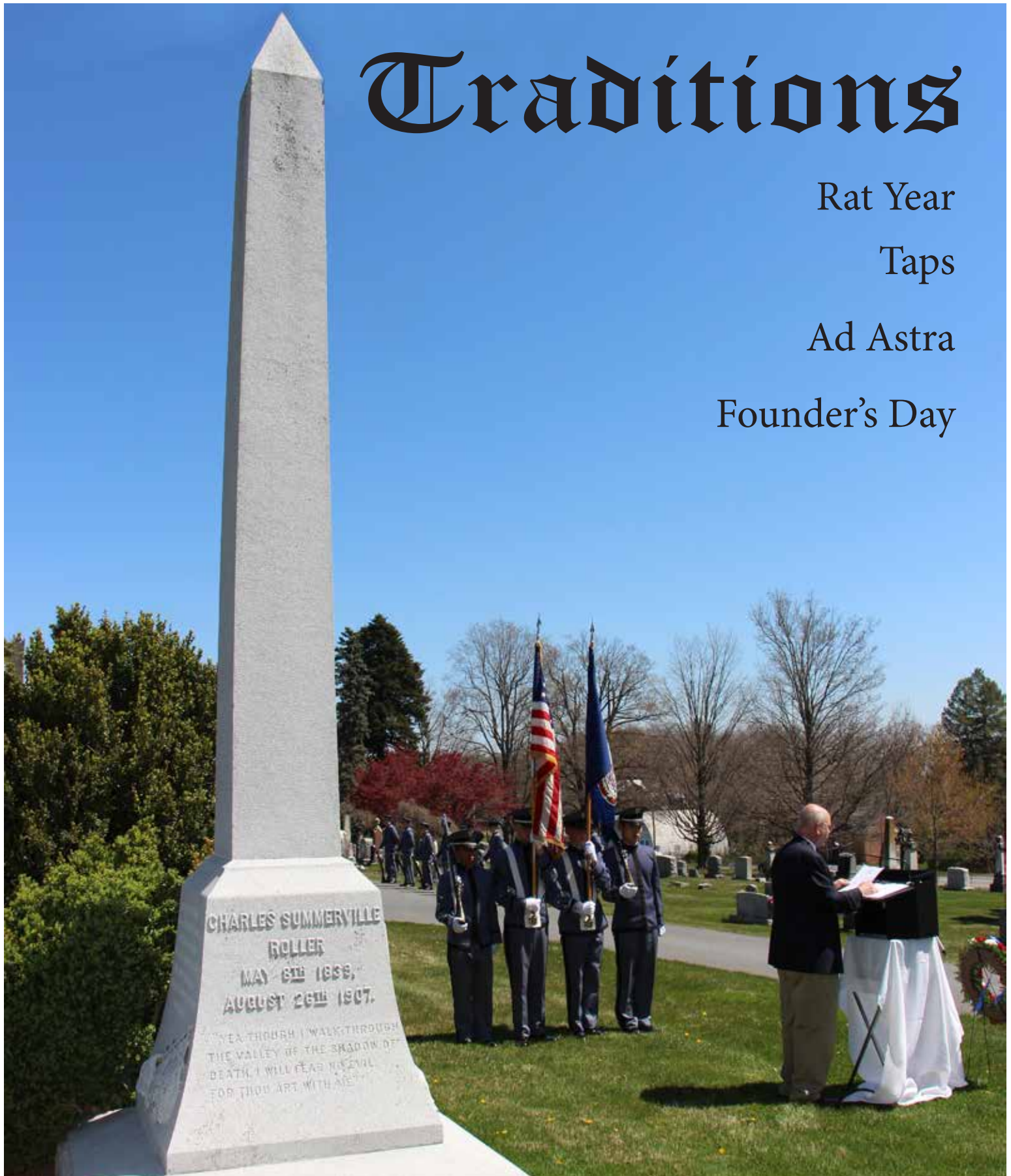
Traditions

Rat Year

Taps

Ad Astra

Founder's Day



Augusta Military Academy Alumni Foundation, Inc.

February 2021

Dear friends and fellow AMA Alumni,

It has been 10 months since I was given the challenge to lead the AMA Alumni Foundation. I was a bit hesitant to take the job, mostly because as most everyone knows, I reside in Puerto Rico, a fact that makes my visits to the valley a bit complicated. Having said that, I was hoping to visit Ft. Defiance at least four, maybe five, times during my first year in office, but unfortunately, the COVID pandemic has made that impossible.

Normally, one would think that if a leader cannot meet with his support staff on a one-to-one basis at regular intervals, his or her success at the job would be compromised. Well, sometimes the planets align and the fairy dust permeates the premises but for whatever reason, I have been blessed with a multitude of things that have allowed our organization to become re-energized and focused on the mission at hand.

We have confronted dozens of impediments and hurdles over the last few months, but thanks to an amazing Board of Directors, selfless volunteers, and a dedicated and caring Museum staff, we have come out of the storm unscathed and frankly well positioned to preserve our AMA legacy.

The Foundation Board of Directors held our Winter meeting on February 13th, and as is customary, the various Board Committees reported their progress, plus we discussed many exciting future projects that will now be attainable because the AMA house is in order.

Our traditional April reunion will once again be postponed but this year I am confident that we will all gather in the Shenandoah Valley in September of 2021! I hope everyone that reads this note will give serious consideration to attend what should certainly be a very special reunion.

Sincerely,

Douglas (Doug) W. Pennock, '72
Chairman



Augusta Military Academy Alumni Association, Inc.

Dear Friends and Brothers,

I hope everyone had a wonderful Christmas and that we all have a better new year.

For the past twelve months we have experienced nothing like the pandemic to start with. Who would have thought we would have two reunions disrupted in a row? **Our upcoming reunion for 2021 had to be postponed from April to September 16 - 19.** This is attributed to the escalating pandemic and local restrictions placed on event gatherings.

This year's reunion will be a little shorter with the actual kick off on Friday 17 September. We are fortunate to have a gathering of **Ad Astra's** this year sponsored by **Bob Hume, 63'**. This no cost private reception will take place at the Blackburn Inn, Thursday, 16 September. Those of you who are Ad Astra's please attend this event. This will be the first time we have had a gathering in over 20 years.

For our early arrivals for the reunion on Thursday the hospitality suite will be open for your convenience. There will be snacks and refreshments at no cost as in the past. Refrigeration space will be available if needed.

Some things that will be different this year or should I say a first: We have sponsors for all of our events from the Foundation, The Alumni

Association and independent alumni. All these folks contributing are a God send. Their names will be prominently displayed at the reunion.

Some people that can be thanked in advance for their help include former presidents of the Alumni Association Garry Granger and Jorge Rovirosa, the museum staff, and Ladies of AMA. All have worked hard to ensure that this year's event will be a success.

In closing to use **Gary Morrison's** words, we need to keep all oars in the water to support our museum with contributions both in money as well as docent duty. Everyone please stay safe and I look forward to seeing all of you in September. We are a very unique group of people.

Sincerely,

Steve Trent
President



Volume 2021, Number 1

Magazine of the Augusta Military Academy Alumni
Foundation, Inc.
PO BOX 100
Fort Defiance, VA 24437-0100
Editor: B.J. d'Orsay, '70

The Bayonet is distributed to alumni and friends of the Augusta Military Academy. Notice of changes of address should be sent to the AMA Museum, PO BOX 100, Fort Defiance, VA 24437-0100 or by email to Museum@AMAalumni.org

Please provide us with your 9-digit zip code! The Bayonet welcomes information and articles for or about AMA alumni. Share the news of promotions, awards, retirement, births, marriages, deaths, etc. Digital photos should be at least 300 dpi and preferably in TIFF format. Printed color photos are also welcome.

Spring 2021 Bayonet Page - 2

Mail or email information to:

B.J. d'Orsay
4206 38th Street
Lubbock, TX 79413-2512
bj.dorsay@gmail.com
Phone 806-790-7092

email: Bayonet@AMAalumni.org

Bayonet Subscriptions

As announced in our Fall 2020 edition, this and future Bayonets will no longer be printed and mailed to everyone on our mailing list. This was strictly a financial decision. We simply can no longer afford to do so.

But, professionally printed color copies of this and future Bayonets will be made available to those who wish to subscribe.

Museum Director **Amy Hensley** will manage subscriptions and mail Bayonets from the museum. All inquiries regarding Bayonet subscriptions should be addressed directly to Amy at museum@AMAalumni.org or 540-248-3007.

The cost will be \$25 per issue or \$90 for a yearly subscription.

CORRECTION

In the Fall, 2020 Bayonet, the wrong photo was attributed to **Thomas Matthews, '65**, in the TAPS section. My mistake was pointed out by several of Thomas' classmates. Below is the correct photo.



HELP WANTED. BAYONET EDITOR. NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.

My plate is overwhelmingly full! The website, the Online PX store, email data synchronization and Past Perfect data merge project, mailing list upkeep, the "Who's Your One" project, posting most announcements on Facebook, and finally the Bayonet.

The Bayonet is the easiest thing for someone to take off my plate. My other projects are all interconnected in some manner. The Bayonet stands alone. If I have to choose which one to drop, it will be the Bayonet, regardless of the consequences. With your help, I can hand it over to a new editor and publisher sooner rather than later.

I tracked my time for 5 months in 2020. My average monthly hours volunteering for all of my AMA projects was 97.45 hours. Each edition of the Bayonet takes me just a bit over 50 hours, and that's just three or four times a year. I'm tired, and need some help! I cannot continue at this grueling pace. It's affecting my family, my health, my depression, and my model railroading hobby.

The largest project for 2021 is moving Past Perfect, our Museum Management software, to the cloud. The project is well under way, but is much more complex than we had originally projected. Over the years, with several museum staff maintaining that information, a multitude of data inconsistencies exist which must be corrected before the move to the cloud can proceed. Rich is responsible for fixing most of those inconsistencies prior to the move. Then, my master mailing list data will need to be moved/merged with the data in the cloud. That's when I enter the picture. Rich and I have estimated we will each need to contribute 500 hours this year to sync my mailing list with Past Perfect, our museum management software. Since we are both retired IT professionals, we are the ideal team to get this accomplished.

The website is looking old and tired. I've been webmaster since 1996 and I have personally funded the effort for these 25 years. The current website design is only 5 years old, but in the World Wide Web, that is an eternity. As we move forward in the world of virtual reality, Rich and I are combining our efforts to make the website mirror the museum's exhibits as closely as possible. If you look at the exhibits I've recently placed on the website, you'll learn about the direction we've chosen for the website.

The "Who's Your One" project involved emailing everyone who we had an email address for (over 1,700) and then updating our database for invalid emails (nearly 500), and processing over 200 personal responses I received from Alumni. Then I sent out class lists for the classes of 1950 to 1975. I still am working on creating lists for the classes of 1976 - 1984. This project alone has already taken 120 hours.

I currently maintain and update the Online PX store, under the direction and guidance of the museum director. Hopefully the museum staff will take on this task in the future. We're moving in that direction.

Because of my being a Foundation Director, and the most active director on Facebook, it naturally falls to me to keep our Facebook group members up-to-date. Someone's got to do it. This actually takes very little time, so I will continue in this role.

The Bayonet is the only project on my plate that can be moved to someone else's. It may seem to be a daunting endeavor, but it need not be. We publish 3 or 4 times each year. Our printer has recently upgraded their printing capabilities so that a plain PDF file can be submitted for printing. The Bayonet can now easily be created in your favorite word processor. Any software, such as Microsoft Word, that can save a document as a PDF will work. You no longer need professional level Adobe software as has been the case up until just recently. And as the new editor, you can make it your own. You do not have to copy what Bob Bradford and I have been doing for the last 25 years.

I know that many of you reading this worked on the Bayonet or the RECALL during their time as cadets at AMA. And some of you will have picked up this competence since leaving AMA.

I truly appreciate all of the encouragement I receive from you all. But kudos won't help me now. I desperately need someone to volunteer to take over the editorship of the Bayonet.

Please help me out! I'm at my wits end trying to do way too much for my beloved Alma Mater.

~ B.J. d'Orsay, '60, '70 ~

Director Elections

Nominations are now open for the four 2021-2024 Foundation Board seats. The following 4 incumbents have expressed their desire to continue on the Board and have been added to the list of nominees.

Gary Cripps '71
BJ. d'Orsay '70
Doug Pennock '72
Ed Rogerville '76

In addition to these four nominees, nominations are welcome and encouraged for those wishing to become involved in the governance of the AMA Alumni Foundation.

Any member of the AMA Alumni or qualified members, may present a nomination for a qualified candidate other than the four incumbents. Please refer to Article II Section 2.1 and 2.2 of the AMA Foundation By-laws AMA Foundation By-Laws. The nomination deadline will be March 15.

Electronic voting will commence March 17.

All nominations should be sent to **John Arthur** via email to the museum at Museum@AMAalumni.org.

Ladies of AMA

This year's reunion committee has enlisted the help of wives lovingly known as the Ladies of AMA.

[Ed. note: It's about time, thank goodness, and Amen to this!]

This group is composed of Trudy Pennock, Becky Granger, and Kiki Roviroso.

The Ladies of AMA are in need of a few more ladies that are willing to help them keep these AMA Academy trained boys organized during Reunion 2021.

If you will be attending the reunion and wish to assist, please contact:

Trudy Pennock at trudypennock@yahoo.com

for more details on how you can add your touch to make this year's reunion one to be remembered for years to come.

Shhhhhhhhhhh !!!!!

Silent Auction

Once again this year, the Alumni Foundation will be conducting a Silent Auction fund raiser in conjunction with our annual Reunion in September.

This year we will be using an ONLINE/WEB BASED software to manage our Silent Auction. This will allow ALL Alumni no matter where they are on site or from any of the 50 states or even a foreign country with a WIFI connection via smartphone, laptop, tablets or PCs to view and bid on all the items.

We need our alumni and friends to donate new merchandise including gift baskets, gift cards, memorabilia, knives, flags, Civil War collectibles, use of vacation homes or condos, airline tickets, etc.

If you are connected with any National organization that can donate a gift of value please help us with arranging for a gift donation. All proceeds from the silent auction will benefit the AMA Foundation which as you know is a 501(c)(3) non-profit.

You can help us in two ways.

To help get us started, we need items of interest donated to the auction. All price ranges are welcome.

Next, be on the lookout for an announcement when the auction goes live on-line. A link to the auction site will be provided to you.

Then, participate in the auction by going to the on-line auction site and bid on the items of interest to you.

Our auctioneer will be **Mike Kidd, '72**, assisted by museum Curator, **Rich vanBreemen**.

Kindly contact Rich at AMAcurator@gmail.com with your offers of contributions or questions



Shop at smile.amazon.com and a portion of your purchase comes back to our Museum. It cost you nothing, it costs US nothing, But you must start out at SMILE.amazon.com.

You can select which charity to support when you first go there. Choose **Augusta Military Academy Alumni Foundation Inc.**

AMA was a new way of life to each and every of us

Regardless of whether you graduated from AMA or how many years you spent at AMA, we all of us had the common experience of our first year there. In this edition of the Bayonet, we share two such experiences. **Charlton "Bud" Mewborn, '32**, documented his time at AMA in an astounding 190 page tome. Some of his experiences from his 1928 RAT year can be read on page 6.

Tom Phillips, '65, kept a diary of his first week at AMA in February 1964 and he shares it with us below.

I was a junior, a rat, and my family was from Martinsville, 50 miles south of Roanoke, near the NC border.

February 1, 1964 (Saturday)

*Today is the day of the basketball game with Hargrave. We got up early and had to go to breakfast as usual and stand in the cold. (four of us shared room 319; **Ted Dalton** and **Wayne Helms**, both from Roanoke, and **Frank Poplaski**, from Runnemede, New Jersey, a little town about 2 miles from the Delaware River and Philly).*

After breakfast, we took our time and dressed and cleaned up the room. We watched Tiny (Ted, a big guy) race around preparing for school. After the battalion had marched off, I went to borrow some money from Colonel Hoover in case I needed it on the trip. (Pop and Wayne are on the varsity and I am on the JV).

I almost got sick on the trip down, but other than that it was uneventful. (AMA bus was rickety at best. I am a career Navy man, so motion sickness has not been a problem since).

***Coach Caviola** was late for some reason, so **Col. Livick**, the varsity coach, coached us.*

I got the surprise of my life when Daddy whopped me on the head. It was good to see the family (Mom, dad, sister 3 years younger, and brother five years younger than her.). We had a nice chat after the game.

*We lost, but I got to play almost a whole quarter. The varsity lost too. This was their second game with Hargrave - the first game 88-87 in a five minute overtime. (This team starred **Pete Lampman**, an AMA hall-of-famer). We didn't have time to go out and eat, so dad gave me \$10 and they left. (Chatham is 30 miles of bad two-lane from Martinsville).*

*When the Hargrave Battalion marched to dinner we stood outside and cut them up. Then we formed a platoon and marched after them, led by our "fearless leader" "J.D." (**John Doniphan**). We surprised the hell out of them when we did Montgomery Ward in their courtyard. They didn't see us coming. (I can not recall exactly what Montgomery Ward was,*

but I think it was outer squad doing a flank turn outboard and the middle squad going to the rear and then all return to a proper platoon going in the original direction.)

We goofed off on the way back to school and got Livick all pushed out of shape. He was really pissed at us.

I guess he is sore about the results of the game or something, but when "J.D." and Fiske (Jeff) started horsing around, he really put them in their place.

*After the game, I met a Hargrave cadet who was from Martinsville. His name is **Kitchell**. He goes to the same church that I have just joined in Martinsville (We had moved back to M'ville the summer before I started at AMA). He is a real nice guy. He played varsity for Martinsville last year and is now playing varsity for Hargrave.*

We didn't get back from the Hargrave game until 9:00 PM.

I have a lot of homework to catch up on and I still have to pay Col. Hoover back.

This is the first entry in my diary.

February 2, 1964 (Sunday)

"A" company is in third place now. We were fifth place recently. It seems that we have risen overnight and we haven't apparently done anything to get the points. This rise in our standing has given us a new reservoir of energy. Today, just before lunch, as we were standing on the blacktop waiting to fall in, a spontaneous wave hit all the new cadets. We all vowed to straighten up and fly right. It seemed spontaneous but it was sparked by Tiny.

When we marched in, we really strutted and tucked and miraculously we won. That really set us off. We went to our rooms for a few minutes but our excitement was too much. Every new cadet came to "319" and we started singing while played his guitar.

The guards were attracted and they stuck us. (placed us on report). It didn't even phase us. As they stood outside trying to write down our names, we decided to help them. We all wrote down our names and then went off to the O.D.



Tom Phillips

house.

"Pop" went in to represent us and told our story to "Profait." (can not recall who this was nor could I find him in the '64 Recall He was a little man with jet black hair) He let us off but warned us to keep the noise down. Boy we are all feeling great now and I have a feeling we will look good at parade today. 2:15 PM

6:10 PM

*We lost the damn parade! It was a giveaway! "F" company won first place. We really screwed up the works. **Ward** (Carl, A company commander) would give a predatory command and pause for a long time and **Eichner** (Ken) would yell then and half the company would do the order while the others watched. It was terrible. The parade was dedicated to **Major Guilforth** who died in an accident over the Christmas Holidays.*

Looks like good weather for four weeks. The ole' groundhog couldn't possibly have seen his shadow today.

47 days 'till spring holidays.

9:05 PM

I hate this goddam place! It's not really this place, its the things we do. Tonight, for instance, because some slobs weren't bracing

PHILLIPS continues on page 10

The life of a RAT in 1928

Augustus Charlton "Bud" Mewborn, III, '32, from Pittsburgh, came to AMA in the Fall of 1928. He was a Private in "D" Company. After graduating, Bud went on to graduate from the literature school of the University of Michigan, and then went on to earn a Law Degree. He was a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. Later in life, he wrote a 190 page memoir of his time spent at AMA. The following excerpt is the first part of his memories of his first year as a RAT.

Ever wondered what the legendary punishment of coaling was all about? Read on ...

Day One

When my father and mother left, I remember, there was this sudden feeling of again being alone.

[...]

Not quite alone. There were three hundred other cadets (I was now a cadet) somewhere around, paired off in the barracks, some of them in sight, most of them not.

[...]

Military school was what I wanted, and here I was in Military school.

No uniform yet, of course, but I had my canvas barracks bag, and my big suitcase with the folded shirts and sheets and handkerchiefs. The shoes and blankets and the toothpaste and toothbrush, and the comb and the brush, and a room.

Third floor north, a long way from the Arch, good view of the mess hall, half-way between the trash cans at each corner.

The double bunk, two metal desks, two chairs, two lights hanging lazily from the ceiling, two opposite window lockers, the radiator under the window, concrete floor, stucco walls and ceiling ... bare and stark

I didn't unpack, because I didn't know what to do with anything, yet. I sat on the mattress on the lower bunk. I began to realize that I would have to make the bed. I managed to find the sheets and blankets and pillow-case; there was a stained pillow furnished.

It was still warm at four o'clock, and I perspired; yet I suddenly felt the need to urinate. I strolled out onto the stoop and tried to gauge which corner was closer, because the toilets (and wash room and showers) were in each corner of the square barracks.

A uniformed boy (man?) strolled by me and eyed me sternly. "Fin out, Musto!" he bellowed. I stopped. He was very Southern and very emphatic. "Fin out," he roared again, and I was completely baffled.

I said, "What?" and he said, "Don't what me, FIN OUT!"

I was helpless because I didn't know what he meant, and because I hadn't expected this to happen. In a moment I found out. He pulled me around, jerked my elbows behind me, kicked my ass, jabbed my chin down, and said, "Now, that's finning out. And don't you never let me see you on the stoop any other way."

Then I remembered [my visit] last spring, seeing the way some of the cadets walked stiffly, with their elbows pulled back, chin in, squared steps and regular cadence, while others simply sauntered to and fro.

[...]

I hadn't thought it would start so soon, and besides, how did he know? I had on a yellow shirt and brown corduroy pants and sneakers. I could have been anybody.

Somehow I made it to the bathroom and to the toilet, and when I started back to my room the uniformed boy (man?) had gone.

When I got back someone else was there. He turned out to be Eddie. He was assigned to 326, so he was my roommate. We spent about fifteen minutes on where we came from and this and that. He asked about who was going to sleep in the upper bunk, and I noted to him that I had already made up the lower with my stuff, but that maybe we would switch next week. He seemed a little poutish, and asked me to help him make the upper bunk with his stuff.

It was embarrassing, I wanted him to like me. There were the next two weeks, then, which was a sort of indoctrination period.

We learned where the mess hall was, and we learned which parts of the mountains of clothes furnished us as uniforms we were to wear at this and that different formation, and which toilets we could use and when.

But most of all we learned to be RATS.

What is a RAT? Well, a rat is a new cadet, which is to say that he is there for the first time. He might be in the seventh or eighth grade or be a junior in high school, or just a plain first year man. No matter, you were a RAT. In passing, I should say that everyone else was an OLD MAN.

What is an OLD MAN? Well, an old man owns the world. He can do any god-damned thing he

want to, as far as the rats are concerned, and all of the rest of the old men will back him up; and if you have some funny idea that you will lead a revolt of the slaves, well, you just better forget it, because it turns out to be two hundred to one, and not even that good because there is no way you could organize the hundred rats to support you, and you don't count as one, yourself.

To put it another way, you are a rat in the rat system, and from the time you get this idea down firmly in mind you can only think of next year, when you come back and become an OLD MAN.

Meantime, You learn to Fin Out.

You also learn to slide. I never had done any skiing, but I was pretty good on roller skates, I suppose that this did help me a great deal in learning to slide. It went like this:

Some old man called to you. And you were ordered to come into his room for whatever. You had received instruction [...] on how to enter the room. You are on the stoop, finning out, all is well, you are on your way to the stairs and down and out of the barracks, perhaps to the Post Exchange for a coke, or just out for the relief that there was.

Suddenly the order: "Come here, Musto!" You had been instructed the second day you were there. When you are told to do this, you

did this; and when you were told to do that you did that; and when you were told to come into a room, you slid.

I had practiced many times in the room with Eddie, and actually was very good at it, compared to Eddie.

I made a left turn and started my run, walking of course, but leaning forward to put my slight weight in a better position. until I reached the threshold. Then I leaned, as if I was leaving the curve of the ski jump, thrusting my weight ahead of my body, and at the same time commencing the vertical half-gainer. On a scale of one to ten,

Mewborn continues on page 19



Bud Mewborn

AUGUSTA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OUTSTANDING EDUCATOR AWARD 2020

MALCOLM H. LIVICK
& LINDA R. LIVICK

Linda Petzke, of the Augusta County Historical Society, presented this special award to Mal and Linda Livick, for their lifetime endeavors in the field of education.

*"I like to call this year's recipients of the educators award the First Family of Fort Defiance. As residents of the community for many years, these two will help you at a moment's notice. Case in point, need to set up for a historical society annual meeting at Augusta Stone Church? Well call them. It'll get done. Do you need to set up a special field trip for some students to go to maybe Augusta Military Academy? Call them. It's gonna get done. Do you need information about the Daughters of the American Revolution, Stuart Hall, or Augusta Military Academy? Well make sure you call them. In case you have not yet guessed, this year's educators of the year are **Mal and Linda Livick**."*

"What a blessing these two have been! After returning home from serving his country in Korea, Mal started teaching and coaching at Augusta Military Academy in Fort Defiance. Wouldn't you know that year, the school had a Thanksgiving dance and Linda was home from college. Linda's family had started at AMA way back in 1865. Now, when these two met, a dynamic partnership was begun!"

"Mal went on to become assistant commandant of the cadets, eventually superintendent of the Augusta Military Academy and Linda was always at his side. This duo made all the students there feel at home with their constant care and their all-encompassing activities. Just look at an old AMA yearbook. When you look through the ages you will find Linda being a hostess or their daughter Lee in a play. All of this while raising a family of their own."

"Now even after AMA closed, our duo was not done serving in the community. Mal went to Blue Ridge Community College where he served as a director of continuing education. Linda went to Stuart Hall to serve as the alumni director. Their service to education continued."

"So, it is with great pride, gratitude and love that I present this year's Educators of the Year to Mal and Linda Livick."



John Johnson, '70, stopped by the museum. He was in the area because he flew his 1942 plane in the WW2 Commemorative event in DC this past weekend. John has spent his career in the air: US Army 5th Special Forces, ABN, SSg.; Alaska Air National Guard, LtCol, C130s; Flying Tigers, Fed-Ex Pilot/Captain MP11, B777, B767, B755, A300-310

FILL IT UP!



A new donation box with the appearance of the barracks has been constructed and donated by **Mike Kidd, '72**.
Thanks Mike!

Please notify us at Museum@AMAalumni.org of any changes to your mailing address, phone numbers or email addresses.

Let's keep in touch!



To help drivers traveling South on Rt 11 see our sign, the new "Open" flag has been added next to our Museum sign.



Baxter, '70 & Mary Hayes stopped by the Museum on their way home in Charlotte. They last visited 10 years ago. **Chris Correa**, left, AMA Volunteer Coordinator and docent enjoys giving museum tours and learning the stories from our visitors..

Louis Henderson Zbinden Jr.

I'm not sure how many former AMA cadets will remember Louis H. Zbinden who was minister at Augusta Stone Church from 1963-1967. He died September 11, 2020.

Louis went from Old Stone to First Presbyterian Church in Lenoir, NC and later to First Presbyterian Church in San Antonio, TX where he served for 31 years.

We were good friends with Louis and Kip when they were here in Fort Defiance and this friendship continued over the years.

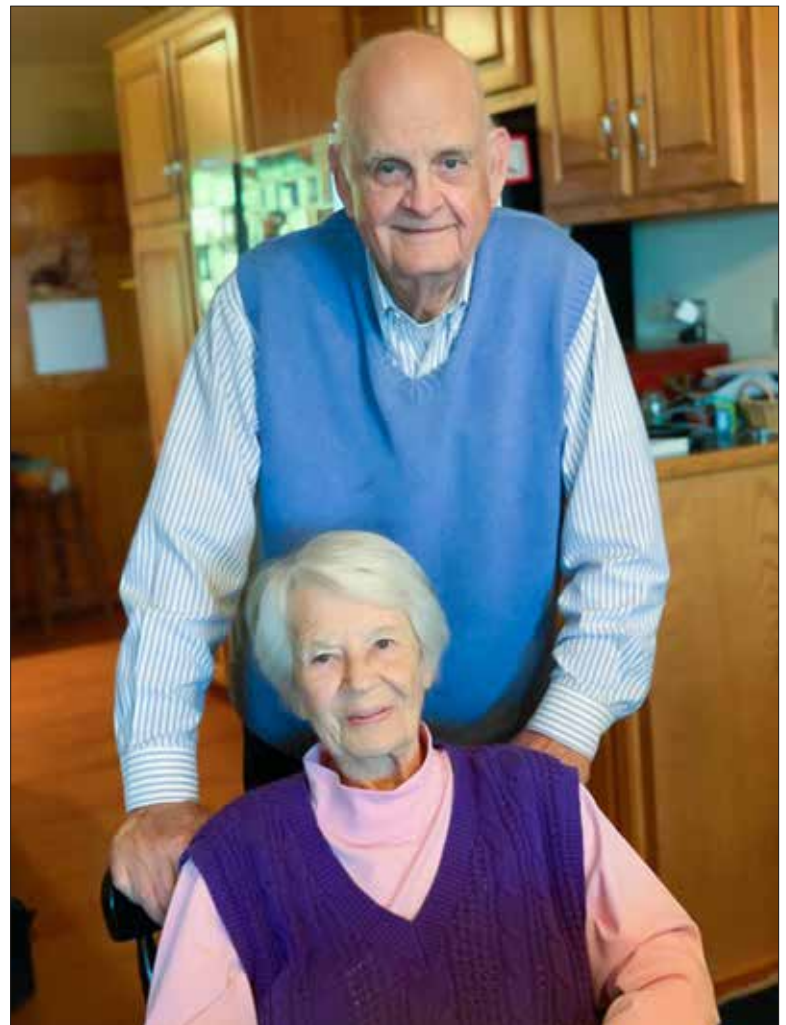
I am sure that those cadets who attended AMA from 1963-67 will probably remember him.

Mal Livick, Sr.

Reunion 2021 has been rescheduled to September 17-18



Stuart Hall alumni get together frequently. **Barry Thrift Brown, '64**, **Linda Roller Livick, '53** and **Susan Lambert Yates, '73**. Susan provided us with these photos. Right: a rarely seen smile by Linda.



PHILLIPS continued from page 5

right, we braced around the bowl 4 times. Exactly one mile and a half. Oh my aching arms! This is far worse than you can imagine! Several boys developed cramps in their arms. It's really painful! I can't describe it. I'll wager the bracing improves.

This isn't the first time they have pulled a trick like this. Once a few weeks ago around midnight someone threw a cherry bomb in the courtyard. We were awakened and made to stand outside in our pajamas in 30 degrees of cold for around 15 minutes. We finally got to go back in and as soon as we got in bed they pulled us out again because somebody slammed his door in justified anger. I don't mind paying for something I did but this stuff has got to go.

We didn't get a super this morning because "**Blind-man**" Willis said that we were supposed to wear white gloves. We never have before but I guess we will from now on.

My arms are about to fall off. They are sore as hell.

All of us polished the stocks of our rifles with neutral shoe polish and they really shine.

I guess we are as ready as we will ever be for the Fall Formal tomorrow.

February 3 1964 (Monday)

Wayne and I stayed up an hour past taps singing all kinds of things. When I awoke this morning I felt as if I had only slept a few minutes.

At breakfast, **First Captain Brown** told us that inspection would go at five minutes till nine.

The crazy guards blew inspection at 8:35 and caught us all flatfooted.

By some miracle i made it down there on time.

All the sweat paid off because I passed. Our company has never looked better. No one failed at all. **Sergeant Bradbury (Matt)** won best NCO for the battalion to give us a point. Ward came in second place for best officer. We got six points altogether.

Pop is walking off his first tour right now. This is his first penalty of the school year. It screwed up his white page too. We have a basketball game this afternoon with Staunton.

Col Livick told us Saturday that these barracks were built in 1918. They look it.

Pop called his folks to see if he could go home for the senior prom in May. His father said that he couldn't and Pop is pretty mad about it. There isn't anything that he can do about it right now though 10:25 AM.

6:25 PM

We have won our second game with Staunton and our second game of the season. That gives us a two and seven record. We should win our next game. It is with Fishburne and they have lost every game. They were beat real bad by Staunton.

I have a lot of homework to catch up on tonight.

I'm still puzzled about where that letter is that mom sent me with my money in it. I saw Hank (my first cousin, attending SMA) during the pre-game but didn't get to talk to him.

9:30

Study hall was uneventful but I didn't get much done.

February 4 1964 (Tuesday)

I almost didn't make it to breakfast. I was sleeping like a log. When Tiny woke me I went back to sleep.

He said. "C'mon Tom, Let's go!"

I said. "Go where?" and rolled over.

I finally woke again with three minutes 'till Soupy. I made it on time but my shirt wasn't buttoned at all and I forgot my collar stay and long underwear. I nearly froze! But I didn't get stuck! After breakfast, we cleaned up our room as usual and the inspection passed by us as usual without inspecting us. That dumbkoff has never inspected us. He always inspects the other rooms but he skips us. We don't know why but I hope he never discovers his error. Ole' **Captain Currance** sure is dumb **8:45 AM.**

9:25 PM

I expected school to be rough today but not this rough. I seem to be OK in French but I'm behind in Chemistry and English. I had to take an English test today I didn't know we were having and I got a big fat 0. I found out that **Captain Flanagan** is scared silly of leeches, mosquitoes, and ticks. He just can't stand them.

I am behind in Chemistry homework and when I told **Col. Savage** that I would make it up, he said to just forget it. I don't like his tone. I just went down to see him about tonight's homework. He explained it and when I came out I felt like a dumb ass for not seeing it before. He does that to me. When I am completely baffled he clears up my problem in a few words and it really burns me up. Oh it makes me so mad. He makes me feel like a simpleton.

February 5 1964 (Wednesday)

I didn't get up till 5 minutes before Soupy

but I still dressed in time. I must really be dead to the world. It's harder to get up every mourning (sic). If the guard hadn't announced that Soupy would go in five minutes, I might still be asleep unless Tiny or Pop would have awakened me.

Pole (Wayne Helm's nickname) slept through today because he knew that MacIntosh and Fiske who are on guard would get him off because he plays on the varsity basketball team with them. The only trouble is that somebody else took their place on guard. it looks like Wayne got screwed.

Had a lousy drill today. Made several mistakes and caught hell. Yesterday **Morgan (Ronald)** my squad leader had a fight with **Sanderson (Ronnie)**, the former Lieutenant. and kicked him in the agates

Practice was for 2 and a half hours and we did nothing but fast breaks.

I didn't finish my homework because it was too hard and abtuse (sic). **9:45 AM**

1:00 PM

J.D., our First Sergeant got busted today. It's a dirty shame. I really liked that guy. He was demoted to Platoon Sergeant and was transferred to "E" company. **Chuck Thomas**, a real nice guy who is in my English IV class is our new First Sergeant.

I made the honor roll this month for the first time. I got an A+ in M.S.T., A in Geometry, A- in French, A- in Civics, B in English and B- In Chemistry.

February 6 1964 (Thursday)

No drill today and no basketball practice today. I have the whole afternoon to myself. I went down to Doc's room but he wasn't there. He wants me to help work on the Recall. I think it would be wise to do so because he seems to have many ideas on writing that will improve my writing ability and at the moment I could use all the help I can get.

It's a rainy day, one of this days that is just right for sleeping. I found it very hard to get out of bed this mourning (sic) but I forced myself

4:45 PM

I went to math help class tonight in preparation for College Boards. Tomorrow is the last day to pay for the right to take College Boards. After today there is a penalty imposed on it. I guess I will have to borrow some money from somebody.

February 7 1964 (Friday)

I almost got stuck this mourning (sic). (Pretty consistently wrong this word). When I got back from breakfast, I went right to work on my homework. I didn't do anything else. When school went, I jumped up, put on my jacket,

grabbed my books and stepped out of the room. Just as I was about to lock the door, I got the shock of my life. My bed wasn't made. I quickly did a makeshift job and ran for it. I was late to formation and miraculously didn't get caught by the guards or my squad leader. This must be my lucky day. 3:00 PM

February 8 1964 (Saturday)

Today we played Fishburn today (sic) and beat them 60-29. We did so good that **Coach Rolly-Polly** put "J.D" the J.V. Manager in and after several unsuccessful attempts, he scored. Everybody went wild, I guarantee you that the place fell apart then it was really funny. Our varsity also won for a change. They beat Fishburn 122-45. We had a winning day all around.

February 9 1964 (Sunday)

I hate Tiny. He went out this afternoon with his parents and had a boneless sirloin "the tenderest steak I ever had in my life. You could almost eat it with your fork." Slurp! Drool! Oooohh! and that dirty _____ wouldn't even bring me a cracker or wilted lettuce leaf.

The following commentary accompanied Tom's diary when he emailed it to me:

"Thus endeth my first and only diary. It steadily got shorter and evidently between needing sleep and needing to get more homework done, it was doomed. Too bad. Reading it was a real trip, with forgotten details of nine winter days at AMA back when it was at its peak - 500 cadets.

"Next year, my senior year, I actually pulled

Straight A's for the first semester, and according to the newsletter and the yearbook, it had never been done before in all the records, such as they may be. Getting straight A's was something of a bit of luck (thank goodness I wasn't taking PSSST Physics that semester) but it is hard to believe that nobody had done that before. Nobody? Ever?

"One more tidbit. Col. Hoover approached me and told me that I needed to play soccer for AMA. I told him that I was not a soccer player, but a football player, basketball player, baseball player and track, and that it was not an American game (this was 1964 mind), and that I had never even SEEN a soccer game, not on TV nor in person. IT was not played in the SOUTH back then and was CERTAINLY not on our two or three Southern TV channels.

"He told me that I could not pass Geometry if I did not play soccer. I told him that math was my best subject so why would I not be able to pass Geometry? His reply: "because I am the only Geometry teacher in AMA." I told him he could not do that and he smiled and said: "Can't I." Why me I asked. because in football (I did not play at AMA - not that caliber of player. Was named Tom Turtle by my football coach. I caught a lot of passes over the middle because I was deceptively slow and the defense overplayed such a sloth.), he knew that I had played tight end and middle linebacker. So good hands and not afraid of contact.

"So I became the goalkeeper - a terrible goalkeeper. Hadn't a clue when to come out when to go in, how to cut angles, you name it. He was not much help when it came to goalkeeping

but was a good soccer coach otherwise. Using my Geometry skills (now that I was pretty sure I would pass Geometry), I started kicking divots to help me know where the goal corners were when I did decide to come out and challenge so I could cut off the angles better, and won a Yellow Card, as that is not allowed.

"Got the soccer bug at AMA, unusual for a Southern boy of my generation. Played (no more goaltender though), coached my kids and on a traveling team which toured Europe for youth tournaments, and was semi-tricked into becoming a USSF referee. I went up to the State USSF level before my knee rejected me, and by then was a State Referee Instructor and State Referee Assessor in California where we play soccer year round, kids, women, men. San Diego men's league is like a little World Cup, with most teams ethnic: German, Italian, Irish, Vietnamese, Portuguese, Iraqi, Iranian/Chaldean, and lots of Hispanic and Anglo teams too. Some mixing, but not much except the Hispanic and Anglos mix pretty well. Being a State Instructor and State Assessor got me sent all over the country: New York to the Olympic Training Center at Lake Placid, Tampa and Dallas for top youth national tournaments, Idaho, New Mexico, Nevada, Arizona but not Virginia. sigh."

Tom Phillips



Sports Hall of Fame (SHOF) Committee Summary February, 2021

Committee Members:

- **John Arthur, '75**
- **Tom Del Valle, '73**

2020 Inductees:

- **Maj (Ret'd) Edwin Hart**
- **George Richardson, '64**
- **Charles R. Livick, '77**

2021 SHOF Voting Members:

- **Nickolas Syropoulos, '69**
- **Tom Del Valle, '73**
- **Larry Nicholson, '75**
- **Mal Livick, '75**
- **ISG (US Army Ret'd) Don Studer**

2021 Nominations closed January 20. Six nominations were received:

- **1948-49 Football Team**
- **Mike Basto '63**, for Football, Lacrosse, Swimming and Tennis.
- **Karl Halemaw, '71**, for Lacrosse.
- **Bruce Strange, '72**, for Lacrosse.
- **Jim Mitchell, '76**, for Basketball, Baseball and Rugby.
- **Col Tim Mannasmith** for Coach (multiple sports) and Athletic Director

Inductees for 2020 and 2021 will be recognized during the Reunion in September.



Albert "Steve" Mc Gahee taught Physics and Math at AMA from 1981 to the close in 1984. He recently visited the museum. He currently lives in Crozet, VA.



Luke Snyder, '60 and his wife **Anne** met up with **Jorge Rovirosa, '70** and his wife **Kiki** in Charlotte.

***Reunion Rescheduled to
September 17-18
All details remain
unchanged.***



Victor Gomez, '69, Mike Pugh, '70 and Bud Oakey, '70
This was Mike's first time to return to his Alma Mater in 51 years!



Paige Spencer (Frank's Granddaughter); **Frank Spencer, '49**; his friend;
Tonie Ogimachi (Shawn's Wife); **Shawn Ogimachi, '77**; **David Spencer, '77**.



Amy Hensley, Museum Administrator

Hello to all of the Augusta Military Academy Alumni and Family and Friends.

*My name is **Amy Hensley** and I have been selected to be the new Museum Director. I am delighted to become a part of the team here at the Augusta Military Academy Museum and I look forward to doing my part in preserving the great history of the Augusta Military Academy.*

I am a native Virginian, originally from the Tidewater area and moved to the Shenandoah Valley in 2001. Virginia history has always been a great passion of mine and I consider it a great honor to provide assistance to the Alumni and to be a participant in sharing the part that Augusta Military Academy has played in the history of our great Commonwealth.

Jack White's, '69, inaugural memories go all the way back to Nixon

BY SHERRY HAMILTON

These days, Jack White of New Point spends his time raising and selling oysters for a living, but there was a time when he regularly rubbed elbows with the rich and powerful as the son of a Capitol Hill staffer, a law student, a government attorney, and a corporate lobbyist.

Given his life's pathway, he was afforded access to every inauguration from Jimmy Carter to George W. Bush.

White's memories of inaugurations go back even farther than that, to Richard Nixon. At that time, he was a student at Augusta Military Academy in Fort Defiance, and he marched in the inaugural parade, with his unit proudly taking second place.

A few years later, a young 20-something, White got a ticket to Jimmy Carter's inauguration from a Congressional office. He said Carter's ceremony was noted for its austerity—he spent just \$3 million on it—as well as for the fact that it was held on the East side of the Capitol building, facing the U.S. Supreme Court and Library of Congress.

"He was The People's President," said White. "A different kind of person."

In the early 1980s, White was attending law school when he was granted a patronage position from the office of Virginia Representative Paul Trible to be an elevator operator in the U.S. Capitol. At that time, he said, every elevator in the Capitol was "operated by a human being," and it was common for aspiring lawyers and doctors to be appointed to operate them. His elevator was at the end of the hall that served West Virginia Senator Robert Byrd's office. He said he was excited about the prospect of possibly transporting President Ronald Reagan in his elevator, but it never happened.

White said that Reagan's second inauguration was notable for two things—the beefed-up security presence because of the earlier attempt on the president's life, and the extreme cold. He said it was somewhere close to minus 25 degrees that day—so cold that "it hurt to even be out there."

By the time George H.W. Bush was inaugurated, White was an attorney for the District of Columbia Committee, which provided governmental oversight to the district before home rule was granted. He said he had an ID that could get him into any government building in Washington, and it fell to him to provide tickets to people attending the inauguration.

"It was a madhouse," he said. "I had a great time. I went everywhere, saw it all, out in the crowds, walking behind the scenes."

Four years later, when Bill Clinton was inaugurated, White had been lured away from his government job by Tenneco, a large national corporation which then owned Newport News Shipbuilding. He said that Tenneco was one of the major contributors to Clinton's inauguration—to the tune of \$250,000—and it was his job to coordinate Tenneco's involvement with the event. He said the person he was in regular contact with was Rahm Emanuel, then a member of Clinton's staff and later the mayor of Chicago.

White said that President George W. Bush's second inauguration was the most memorable for him. By then White's lobbying career was in full bloom. He was working for Boeing Corporation, and he was given tickets to one of Bush's nine inaugural balls. He said he went as a guest of Sheldon Adelson, although Adelson wasn't there for the black tie affair, and he sat with Congressman Tom Davis of Virginia's 11th District. White and his wife Susan were 25 feet from the stage, he said, and they watched as George and Laura Bush and Dick and Lynne Cheney danced on stage. He said he and Susan still have the beautiful crystal vases that were given to them as guests. He said that Bush's second inauguration cost \$30 million.

"I spent a lot of time in D.C.," said White. "I met every candidate and every president from Gerald Ford to G.W. Bush."

Before Bush left the White House, White had moved to Mathews and started his business, the New Point Oyster Company. He said he hasn't been to any inaugurations since then, but he looks back and feels blessed to have been "a fly on the wall" in the halls of power



Jack shucking oysters for the 2016 Reunion crowd

Jorge Rovirosa, '70, remembers a trip to D.C. where he ran into Jack's oysters ...

"Many years ago, sometime after 9-11, I would on occasions accompany our then Port of Miami Director on visits our Florida Congressional Delegation to speak to them and to the Maritime Administration, Homeland Security and others on security issues and infrastructure needs on behalf of the Port's private sector and the Port itself.

On occasions I would have lunch at the old Ebbitt's Grill (one of the oldest if not the oldest bar in Washington DC) located next to the US Dept of the Treasury. This place has some history....I was told that several Presidents (Grover Cleveland and Teddy Roosevelt were mentioned) would sneak out of the White House which less than a block away and would spend a little down time in the bar.

The place was also frequented by many politicians, members of the press etc. Old Ebbitt's had a long and well stocked bar where you could also have lunch and enjoy good conversations. They were and probably still are very well known for their fresh oyster selections as well as their seafood and chops.

On one of my trips to DC after having enjoyed a few dozen of Jack's select Chesapeake oysters at one of our Reunions, I walked in to Old Ebbitt's for lunch and ordered a dozen of their Chesapeake to start my lunch, then struck up a conversation with the bartender ... I complimented him on their fresh and very tasty oysters they had served me and he went on about telling me that Ebbitt's would buy the best oysters from a particular guy down in the bay who had a limited supply and would only sell to a few select DC restaurants.

He said that they paid top price as the quality of the oysters were the very best.

Since I do believe in the old saying..."It's a small world" I ventured and asked if by any chance the name of the fellow that they bought those oysters from was Jack White..."Bingo", he said and so after a chuckle and a laugh I went ahead and shared as to my connection with Jack....I later shared with Jack about my experience at Old Ebbitt's and he confirmed that it was indeed one of a few restaurants in DC that he supplied his oysters and that they did pay top price!"



"Wars For Generations:

Father And His Sons On Serving Together In Afghanistan And Iraq"

NPR, All Things Considered, November 11, 2020

AILS A CHANG, HOST:

The longest war the U.S. has ever fought marked its 19th anniversary in October. The war in Afghanistan has spanned a generation. And for some families, the idea of generational war takes on new meaning. Parents who fought in Afghanistan have seen their own children deployed there as well.

And we want to take a few moments now to introduce you to the Nicholson family. **Lawrence Nicholson** is a retired lieutenant general in the Marine Corps. He commanded forces in Afghanistan's Helmand province and also led forces in Iraq. Lawrence commanded his son **Andrew** in Iraq and served alongside his other son, **Kevin**, in Afghanistan. And during those deployments, Kevin and Andrew each did something unique. They went on patrol missions with their father.

All three join us now - Lawrence from Knoxville, Tenn., Kevin from Nashville, Tenn., and Andrew from Camp H.M. Smith in Hawaii.

Welcome to all of you.

LAWRENCE NICHOLSON: Thank you, Ailsa. Good to be here.

KEVIN NICHOLSON: Oh, thank you.

CHANG: Well, seeing your sons become Marines is one thing, but I imagine it's quite another thing to see them serve while you are serving, sometimes as their commanding officer. So when you found out that you were going to be Andrew's commanding officer in Iraq, I'm just curious, like, what went through your mind?

L NICHOLSON: Ailsa, it was a little surprising to find out that Andrew would be joining our regiment. And the way that happened is we deployed with the 5th Marine Regiment from Camp Pendleton to Fallujah, Iraq. And one of the battalions that joined us there was the battalion that Andrew was in coming out of Camp Lejeune, N.C. And it was fairly common during those years of the war for units from, you know, from Japan, from

California, from North Carolina all to be blended to create regiments in combat. So I was surprised. I was really excited. It was, of course, very, very unexpected.

CHANG: (Laughter) How did their mother feel about that?



Kevin Nicholson and his father **Larry Nicholson**, '75 served together in Afghanistan in 2010. Larry was a Brigadier General commanding the 2nd Marine Expeditionary Brigade in Helmand Province and Kevin was a 1stLt.

L NICHOLSON: That's a really important question because I think there was an expectation that, hey, my husband's a Marine, and I know what he does. But I think it was a whole different thing for my wife, Debbie, when our sons started deploying to combat.

But I think for her, much harder for her to see her sons go off to war than it was for me.

CHANG: Sure. Well, I'm curious. As a colonel, when you were in Iraq when Andrew was serving in Iraq as well, you were his commanding officer. You were a colonel at the time. And I'm wondering, did you view your responsibilities any differently knowing that your own son was serving directly under your command? Did that change the way you saw your duties in any way?

L NICHOLSON: You know, Ailsa, certainly, you know, anyone's human. And knowing that your son is in the same combat zone you're in certainly gets your attention. But, you know, as a commander, you know, I had several thousand Marines and sailors under my command. And you worry about them every day, a well.

CHANG: Well, what about you, Andrew? I mean, when you learned that your dad was going to be your commanding officer in Iraq, how did you feel about that at first?

ANDREW NICHOLSON: I couldn't believe it, to be honest with you. The odds of my battalion on the East Coast falling under his regiment on the West Coast was - you know, the odds are small. So the stars aligned, I guess, and it worked out. But yeah, you know, when the colonel comes around and your lieutenant commander, you pay attention. And I probably paid a little bit more attention to what was happening when he came around. He came to the base...

CHANG: Oh, so having your dad as your commander actually makes it a little bit more stressful, makes things a little more rigorous, not the other way around.

A NICHOLSON: Yeah. You just don't want to fail.

CHANG: What do you think your dad's like as a commander compared to all the other commanders you've had in all the years you've served in the Marine Corps?

A NICHOLSON: It's a tough question. Obviously, there's some natural bias towards my father's as a commander. He's a perfect example of leader by example. He leads, and other people follow. And that's the type of commander you want. It's the type of commander you hope for. Yeah. And of course, I was super-proud.

CHANG: Kevin, when you found out that you and your dad would be serving in Afghanistan at the same time, did it shift something in your mind when you knew that your dad was out there? Even though you were far apart geographically in Afghanistan, did it just feel different knowing that your father was in combat with you out there?

K NICHOLSON: I guess there was a sense of comfort knowing he wasn't too far away. You know, he was a busy guy. He was the operations officer at the time. And he was all over the country of Afghanistan visiting troops, so when he did get a chance to come down to Helmand, it was absolutely great to see him, getting the chance to go

out on patrol with him - because that's the first thing he wanted to do was to leave the wire and go see the people of Afghanistan - absolutely great experience. There was an extra sense of, I need to make sure everything's really tight today to make sure that it goes well.

CHANG: Well, I want to ask each of you to talk about this. Do you think it's a good thing for family members to serve together? Like, knowing what you know now about what it was like to serve together, would you have wanted to do it the same way?

K NICHOLSON: So what I would say is, you know, in

the Marine Corps, we are all about legacy, from our birthday balls, where we cut the cake and let the oldest Marine take a bite and then pass it to the junior Marine present. Passing of the legacy - in our family, it's very close to home. You know, growing up with my father serving in the Marine Corps, I could see a role model that I would want to fill the shoes of - really, the boots of - one day, and serving with him in combat, you know, absolutely solidified that.

A NICHOLSON: Everybody knew Kevin was going to be a Marine one day.

CHANG: Really (laughter)?

A NICHOLSON: He was the one that was probably the most dedicated, I think clearly the guy that was going to join. I probably wouldn't have joined the Marine Corps unless it was - because of 9/11, right? 9/11 happened when I was a sophomore. But I mean, obviously, I think some of my success in the Marine Corps has been because I was, you know, around my father. It made me work harder, wanted to prove that I was

doing this on my own. I wanted nobody to say that I was getting unfair treatment, et cetera. So that's motivated me to do well.

CHANG: Well, what advice would you give to other service members who are facing a similar situation, where they are serving or will be serving in combat with their family members?

A NICHOLSON: I think the first thought that crosses your mind is, oh, man, this is going to be really bad. Why is this happening? I think just stay optimistic. That should get you through deployment. And enjoy it, too. I mean, what a great opportunity. I mean, you can't

manufacture that. It comes together just because stars aligned.

L NICHOLSON: You know, our example, Ailsa,

I think is incredibly unique. You ask if we would change anything, and my answer is no. I think it's been a bonding experience to be able to share just even a few hours of - in combat with your loved ones. But I think - do your job. That's where it comes down to to me. If you're proficient, if you're good at what you do, people will depend on you. And that's what matters the most.

K NICHOLSON: I think they said it the right way. I would change nothing. The way the stars aligned, I had a great experience with my father in combat. I just might have had a little bit more alertness out on those patrols within those days. But everything ultimately remains the same.

CHANG: That is Maj. Kevin Nicholson, Lt. Col. Select Andrew Nicholson and their father, retired Lt. Gen. Lawrence Nicholson.

Thank you for sharing this time with all of us.

K NICHOLSON: Thank you.

A NICHOLSON: Yeah, thank you. Have a great day.

L NICHOLSON: Thank you, Ailsa.



Serving together in Iraq in 2006, **Larry Nicholson**, '75 and his son **Andrew Nicholson**. Larry was a Colonel in command of the 5th Marine Regiment in Fallujah, Iraq and Andrew was a 2nd LT platoon Commander.



Uncle Sam and Chairman Doug Pennock

are issuing a challenge to every active alumni to bring back AT LEAST ONE of your AMA classmates who has not recently attended, or perhaps never attended an Alumni Reunion weekend in the valley. We all know and stay in touch with classmates that have drifted away from the Reunions over the past decade. After the incredibly challenging events of 2020, it is time to re-ignite the timeless connections we have with each other and our alma mater. Together, we can help make the 2021 Reunion the biggest and most successful gathering in more than a decade, but we need your engagement, action, and commitment. There are many new exciting developments in the works for our team, but more than anything, alumni return to spend time with the folks with whom they shared the most formative years of their youth. Please take the pledge to **FIND YOUR ONE** (or more) and join us in the Valley in April of 2021.

WHO IS YOUR ONE ?

Attention ALL Alumni

As we transition to an on-line Bayonet, we really need your email address to keep you connected.

If you attended or graduated from AMA from 1976 - 1983, we also need your cadet photo.

©2020 National Public Radio, Inc. NPR news report titled "Wars For Generations: Father And His Sons On Serving Together In Afghanistan And Iraq" was originally broadcast on NPR's All Things Considered on November 11, 2020, and is used with the permission of NPR. Any unauthorized duplication is strictly prohibited.

24 NOTES THAT TAP DEEP EMOTIONS

A History of TAPS

BY MSG JARI A. VILLANUEVA, USAF

Of all the military bugle calls, none is so easily recognized or more apt to render emotion than the call Taps. The melody is both eloquent and haunting and the history of its origin is interesting and somewhat clouded in controversy. In the British Army, a similar call known as Last Post has been sounded over soldiers' graves since 1885, but the use of Taps is unique with the United States military, since the call is sounded at funerals, wreath-laying and memorial services.

Up to the Civil War, the infantry call for Lights Out was that set down in Silas Casey's (1801-1882) Tactics, which had been borrowed from the French. The music for Taps was changed by Union General Daniel Butterfield for his Brigade (Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac) in July of 1862.

Daniel Adams Butterfield (31 October 1831-17 July 1901) was born in Utica, New York and graduated from Union College at Schenectady. He was the eastern superintendent of the American Express Company in New York when the Civil War broke out. Despite his lack of military experience, he rose quickly in rank. A Colonel in the 12th Regiment of the New York State Militia, he was promoted to Brigadier General and given command of a brigade of the V Corps of the Army of the Potomac. The 12th served in the Shenandoah Valley during the Bull Run Campaign. During the Peninsular campaign, Butterfield served prominently when, during the Battle of Gaines Mill, despite an injury, he seized the colors of the 3rd Pennsylvania and rallied the regiment at a critical time in the battle. Years later, he was awarded the Medal of Honor for that act of heroism.

As the story goes, General Butterfield was not pleased with the call for Lights Out, feeling that the call was too formal to signal the day's end. With the help of the brigade bugler, Oliver Wilcox Norton, Butterfield wrote Taps to honor his men while in camp at Harrison's Landing, Virginia, following the Seven Day's battle. These battles took place during the Peninsular Campaign of 1862. The call, sounded that night in July, 1862, soon spread to other units of the Union Army and was even used by the Confederates. Taps was made an official bugle call after the war.

The highly romantic account of how Butterfield composed the call surfaced in 1898 following a magazine article written that summer. The August, 1898 issue of Century Magazine contained an article called The Trumpet in Camp and Battle, by Gustav Kobbe, a music historian and critic. He was writing about the origin of bugle calls in the Civil War and in reference to Taps, wrote:

In speaking of our trumpet calls I purposely omitted one with which it seemed most appropriate to close this article, for it is the call which closes the soldier's day. . . . Lights Out. I have not been able to trace this call to any other service. If it seems probable, it was originated with Major Seymour, he has given our army the most beautiful of all trumpet-calls.

Kobbe was using as an authority, the Army Drill Manual on Infantry Tactics prepared by Major General Emory Upton in 1867 (revised in 1874). The bugle calls in the manual were compiled by Major (later, General) Truman Seymour of the 5th U.S. Artillery. Taps was called Lights Out in these manuals since it was to replace the Lights Out disliked by Butterfield. The title of the call was not changed until later, although other manuals started calling it Taps because most soldiers knew it by that name. Since Seymour was responsible for the music in the Army manual, Kobbe assumed that he had written the call. Kobbe's inability to find the origin of Light's Out (Taps) prompted a letter from Oliver W. Norton of Chicago, who claimed he knew how the call came about and that he was the first to perform it. Norton wrote:

Chicago, August 8, 1898

I was much interested in reading the article by Mr. Gustav Kobbe, on the Trumpet and Bugle Calls, in

the August Century. Mr. Kobbe says that he has been unable to trace the origin of the call now used for Taps, or the Go to Sleep, as it is generally called by the soldiers. As I am unable to give the origin of this call, I think the following statement may be of interest to Mr. Kobbe and your readers. . . . During the early part of the Civil War I was bugler at the Headquarters of Butterfield's Brigade, Meroll's Division, Fitz-John Porter's Corp, Army of the Potomac. Up to July, 1862, the Infantry call for Taps was that set down in Casey's Tactics, which Mr. Kobbe says was borrowed from the French. One day, soon after the seven days battles on the Peninsular, when the Army of the Potomac was lying in camp at Harrison's Landing, General Daniel Butterfield, then commanding our Brigade, sent for me, and showing me some notes on a staff written in pencil on the back of an envelope, asked me to sound them on my bugle. I did this several times, playing the music as written. He changed it somewhat, lengthening some notes and shortening others, but retaining the melody as he first gave it to me. After getting it to his satisfaction, he directed me to sound that call for Taps thereafter in place of the regulation call. The music was beautiful on that still summer night, and was heard far beyond the limits of our Brigade. The next day I was visited by several buglers from neighboring Brigades, asking for copies of the music which I gladly furnished. I think no general order was issued from army headquarters authorizing the substitution of this for the regulation call, but as each brigade commander exercised his own discretion in such minor matters, the call was gradually taken up through the Army of the Potomac. I have been told that it was carried to the Western Armies by the 11th and 12th Corps, when they went to Chattanooga in the fall of 1863, and rapidly made it's way through those armies. I did not presume to question General Butterfield at the time, but from the manner in which the call was given to me, I have no doubt he composed it in his tent at Harrison's Landing. I think General Butterfield is living at Cold Spring, New York. If you think the matter of sufficient interest, and care to write him on the subject, I have no doubt he will confirm my statement. -Oliver W. Norton

The editor did write to Butterfield as suggested by Norton. In answer to the inquiry from the editor of the Century, General Butterfield, writing from Gragside, Cold Spring, under the date of August 31, 1898 wrote:

I recall, in my dim memory, the substantial truth of the statement made by Norton, of the 83rd Pa., about bugle calls. His letter gives the impression that I personally wrote the notes for the call. The facts are, that at the time I could sound calls on the bugle as a necessary part of military knowledge and instruction for an officer commanding a regiment or brigade. I had acquired this as a regimental commander. I had composed a call for my brigade, to precede any calls, indicating that such were calls, or orders, for my brigade alone. This was of very great use and effect on the march and in battle. It enabled me to cause my whole command, at times, in march, covering over a mile on the road, all to halt instantly, and lie down, and all arise and start at the same moment; to forward in line of battle, simultaneously, in action and charge etc. It saves fatigue. The men rather liked their call, and began to sing my name to it. It was three notes and a catch. I can not write a note of music, but have gotten my wife to write it from my whistling it to her, and enclose it. The men would sing, "Dan, Dan, Dan, Butterfield, Butterfield" to the notes when a call came. Later, in battle, or in some trying circumstances or an advance of difficulties, they sometimes sang, "Damn, Damn, Damn, Butterfield, Butterfield".

The call of Taps did not seem to be as smooth, melodious

History of Founder's Day

Sometime in the 1890's, on May 8, Mrs. Charles S. Roller, Sr. marched into Professor Roller's class and said softly, clearly, but in a demanding tone, *"There will be no classes today. It is the Professor's birthday, and it will be a day of rest for all!"* Not even the Professor could stop her. From then on, Founder's Day has been a day free from classes and a day of rest

After the Professor's death, it has become a day of tribute in addition to the day of rest. Following a late breakfast, the corps would march up Route 11 to the cemetery where the chaplain offered a prayer. A faculty or Roller family member would trace a brief history of the school and pay homage to Professor Roller. Taps, a hymn, and a triple volley would finish the simple but meaningful ceremony.

A Founder's Day ceremony has been held every reunion. But now it includes the reading of all alumni known to have died since the previous year's reunion.



This bugle is inscribed with AMA and is held in our collection

and musical as it should be, and I called in some one who could write music, and practiced a change in the call of Taps until I had it suit my ear, and then, as Norton writes, got it to my taste without being able to write music or knowing the technical name of any note, but, simply by ear, arranged it as Norton describes. I did not recall him in connection with it, but his story is substantially correct. Will you do me the favor to send Norton a copy of this letter by your typewriter? I have none. -Daniel Butterfield

On the surface, this seems to be the true history of the origin of Taps. Indeed, the many articles written about Taps cite this story as the beginning of Butterfield's association with the call. Certainly,

TAPS continues on next page.

TAPS continued from page 16.

Butterfield never went out of his way to claim credit for its composition and it wasn't until the Century article that the origin came to light.

There are however, significant differences in Butterfield's and Norton's stories. Norton says that the music given to him by Butterfield that night was written down on an envelope while Butterfield wrote that he could not read or write music! Also Butterfield's words seem to suggest that he was not composing a melody in Norton's presence, but actually arranging or revising an existing one. As commander of a brigade, he knew of the bugle calls needed to relay troop commands. All officers of the time were required to know the calls and were expected to be able to play the bugle. Butterfield was no different-he could play the bugle but could not read music. As a colonel of the 12th N.Y. Regiment, before the war, he had ordered his men to be thoroughly familiar with calls and drills.

What could account for the variation in stories? My research shows that Butterfield did not compose Taps but actually revised an earlier bugle call. This sounds blasphemous to many, but the fact is that Taps existed in an early version of the call Tattoo. As a signal for end of the day, armies have used Tattoo to signal troops to prepare them for bedtime roll call. The call was used to notify the soldiers to cease the evening's drinking and return to their garrisons. It was sounded an hour before the final call of the day to extinguish all fires and lights. This early version is found in three manuals the Winfield Scott (1786-1866) manual of 1835, the Samuel Cooper (1798-1876) manual of 1836 and the William Gilham (1819?-1872) manual of 1861. This call referred to as the Scott Tattoo was in use from 1835-1860. A second version of Tattoo came into use just before the Civil War and was in use throughout the war replacing the Scott Tattoo.

The fact that Norton says that Butterfield composed Taps cannot be questioned. He was relaying the facts as he remembered them. His conclusion that Butterfield wrote Taps can be explained by the presence of the second Tattoo. It was most likely that the second Tattoo, followed by Extinguish Lights (the first eight measures of today's Tattoo), was sounded by Norton during the course of the war.

It seems possible that these two calls were sounded to end the soldier's day on both sides during the war. It must therefore be evident that Norton did not know the early Tattoo or he would have immediately recognized it that evening in Butterfield's tent. If you review the events of that evening, Norton came into Butterfield's tent and played notes that were already written down on an envelope. Then Butterfield changed it somewhat, lengthening some notes and shortening others, but retaining the melody as he first gave it. If you compare that statement while looking at the present day Taps, you will see that this is exactly what happened to turn the early (Scott) Tattoo in Taps. Butterfield as stated above, was a Colonel before the War and in General Order No. 1 issued by him on December 7, 1859 had the order: The Officers and non-commissioned Officers are expected to be thoroughly familiar with the first thirty pages, Vol. 1, Scott's Tactics, and ready to answer any questions in regard to the same previous to the drill above ordered Scott's Tactics include the bugle calls that Butterfield must have known and used.

If Butterfield was using Scott's Tactics for drills, then it is feasible that he would have used the calls as set in the manual. Lastly, it is hard to believe that Butterfield could have composed anything that July in the aftermath of the Seven Days battles which saw the Union Army of the Potomac mangled by Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. Over twenty six thousand casualties

were suffered on both sides. Butterfield had lost over 600 of his men on June 27th at the battle of Gaines Mill and had himself been wounded. In the midst of the heat, humidity, mud, mosquitoes, dysentery, typhoid and general wretchedness of camp life in that early July, it is hard to imagine being able to write anything.

In the interest of historical accuracy, it should be noted that it is not General Butterfield who composed Taps, rather that he revised an earlier call into the present day bugle call we know as Taps. This is not meant to take credit away from him. It is only to put things in a correct historic manner. Following the Peninsular Campaign, Butterfield served at 2nd Bull Run, Antietam and at Marye's Heights in the Battle of Fredericksburg. Through political connections and his ability for administration, he became a Major General and served as chief of staff of the Union Army of the Potomac under Generals Joseph Hooker and George Meade. He was wounded at Gettysburg and then reassigned to the Western Theater. By war's end, he was breveted a brigadier general and stayed in the army after the Civil War, serving as superintendent of the army's recruiting service in New York City and colonel of the 5th Infantry. In 1870, after resigning from the military, Butterfield went back to work with the American Express Company. He was in charge of a number of special public ceremonies, including General William Tecumseh Sherman's funeral in 1889. Besides his association with Taps, Butterfield also designed the system of Corps Badges which were distinctive shapes of color cloth sewn on to uniforms to distinguish units.

Butterfield died in 1901. His tomb is the most ornate in the cemetery at West Point despite the fact that he never attended. There is also a monument to Butterfield in New York City near Grant's Tomb. There is nothing on either monument that mentions Taps or Butterfield's association with the call. Taps was sounded at his funeral.

How did it become associated with funerals? The earliest official reference to the mandatory use of Taps at military funeral ceremonies is found in the U.S. Army Infantry Drill Regulations for 1891, although it had doubtless been used unofficially long before that time, under its former designation Extinguish Lights.

The first use of Taps at a funeral during the Peninsular Campaign in Virginia. Captain John C. Tidball of Battery A, 2nd Artillery ordered it played for the burial of a cannoner killed in action. Since the enemy was close, he worried that the traditional 3 volleys would renew fighting.

During the Peninsular Campaign in 1862, a soldier of Tidball's Battery - A of the 2nd Artillery - was buried at a time when the battery occupied an advanced position, concealed in the woods. It was unsafe to fire the customary three volleys over the grave on account of the proximity of the enemy, and it occurred to Captain Tidball that the sounding of Taps would be the most ceremony that would be substituted. The custom, thus originated, was taken up throughout the Army of the Potomac, and finally confirmed by orders. Colonel James A. Moss Officer's Manual Pub. George Banta Publishing Co. Menasha Wisconsin 1913 Elbridge Coby in Army Talk (Princeton, 1942), p.208 states that it was B Battery of the Third Artillery that first used Taps at a military funeral.

This first sounding of Taps at a military funeral is commemorated in a stained glass window at The Chapel of the Centurion (The Old Post Chapel) at Fort Monroe, Virginia. The window, made by R. Geissler of New York and based on a painting by Sidney King, was dedicated in 1958 and shows a bugler and a flag at half staff. In that picture a drummer boy stands beside the bugler. The grandson of that drummer boy purchased Berkeley Plantation where Harrisons Landing is located.

The site where Taps was born is also commemorated. In this case, by a monument located on the grounds of Berkeley Plantation. This monument to Taps was erected by the Virginia American Legion and dedicated on July 4, 1969. The site is also rich in history, for the Harrisons of Berkeley Plantation included Benjamin Harrison and William Henry Harrison - both presidents of the United States and one a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

It must be pointed out that other stories of the origin of Taps exist. A popular one is that of a Northern boy who was killed fighting for the south. His father, Robert Ellison a Captain in the Union Army, came upon his son's body on the battlefield and found the notes to Taps in a pocket of the dead boy's Confederate uniform. When Union General Daniel Sickles heard the story, he had the notes sounded at the boy's funeral. There is no evidence to back up the story or the existence of Captain Ellison. As with many other customs, this solemn tradition continues today. Although Butterfield merely revised an earlier bugle call, his role in producing those 24 notes gives him a place in the history of music as well as the history of war.

As soon as Taps was sounded that night in July 1862, words were put with the music. The first were, "Go To Sleep, Go to Sleep." As the years went on many more versions were created. There are no official words to the music but here are some of the more popular verses:

Day is done, gone the sun,
From the hills, from the lake,
From the skies.
All is well, safely rest,
God is nigh.

Go to sleep, peaceful sleep,
May the soldier or sailor,
God keep.
On the land or the deep,
Safe in sleep.

Love, good night, Must thou go,
When the day, And the night
Need thee so?
All is well. Speedeth all
To their rest.

Fades the light; And afar
Goeth day, And the stars
Shineth bright,
Fare thee well; Day has gone,
Night is on.

Thanks and praise, For our days,
'Neath the sun, Neath the stars,
'Neath the sky,
As we go, This we know,
God is nigh.

<https://www.ausea.org/history-taps>
© 2020 Association of the United States Army
Used with permission



Ad Astra Society

The Big Boy founded the Ad Astra Society in 1925

According to the lore, in 1919, Charles S. Roller, Jr., on a troopship bringing him home from World War I, conceived the notion of an honorary society at AMA which would select "the ten best cadets" each year for membership.

The school's motto: **Ad Astra per Aspera** (to the stars through hard work, literally) had just been chiseled into the concrete that spanned the Front Arch of the brand new Big Barracks. At first, Roller thought about calling the honorary group a fraternity but in his own hand he scratched through that word and wrote in "society" on the first page of what would become known as the Ad Astra Book.

For some reason, the society was not created for six more years. On a shelf near the Big Boy's desk, the Ad Astra ledger rested and in it, from 1925

until his death, the names of the cadets inducted into Ad Astra were entered in Roller's unmistakable handwriting.

On page 1 the Big Boy wrote: **"We do not court popularity but we do place service above self and loyalty next to Godliness."** On the second page is the name of the first Ad Astra - M. M. Sproul, '25, and after his name, again in the General Roller's hand, *"Died January 1933 with double pneumonia."*

Ad Astra awards were given at the very end of the annual commencement exercises which gave little time for winners to share their award with fellow cadets. Ad Astra thus became a sort of private honor which the recipient, usually a senior, carried in his heart.

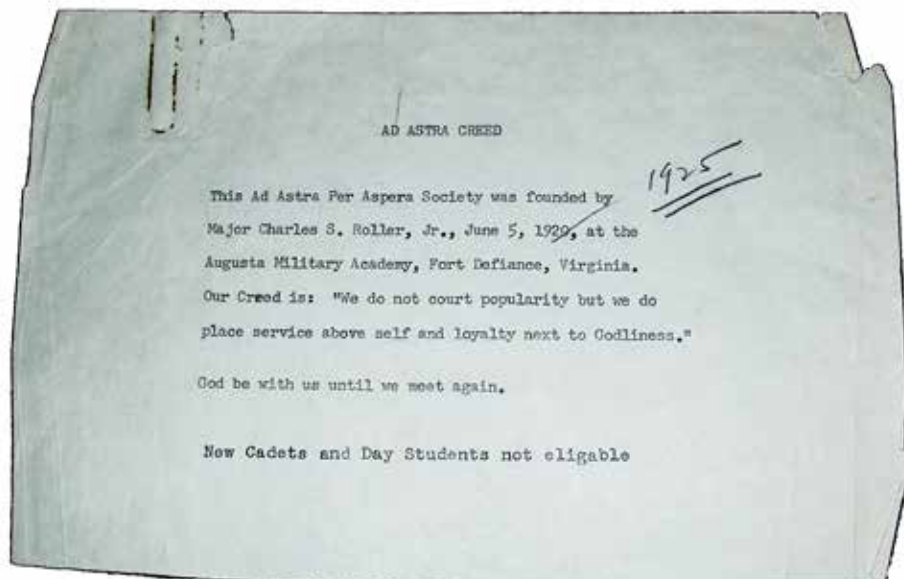
Over the years, several Ad Astra reunions were held on decennial

years. Because of the interest shown at the 1990 reunion, a subsequent gathering was held in Charlottesville in 1993, the last Ad Astra reunion. It was during the 1970 Ad Astra get-together that the AMA Alumni Association was created.

On 16 March 1963, General Roller died. Two days later, he was laid to rest in the Stone Church Cemetery wearing his Ad Astra pin.

550 cadets were inducted while the school was operational. 29 honorary members were inducted during that same time.

Only two alumni have been inducted into the Ad Astra Society since the school closed: Ben Zinkhan, '60 and Gary Nicholson, '70.



THE ROLLER BROTHERS in 1925. This was the year that the Ad Astra Society was created by Major Charles S. Roller, Jr., right, Commandant of Cadets. At left is Colonel Tom Roller, Headmaster.

MEWBORN continued from page 6

I think I would have gotten a six or seven on that first slide. My ass hit the radiator at the same time as my heels.

If I hadn't bounced forward about six inches it would have been a perfect. Then I received my first reward. "Bend over and grab your balls," said the one with the pimples all over his face, and the corporal's chevrons on his sleeves. "That was a lousy slide."

"But Sir," I tried to say as he approached with the broom in his hands, "I hit the radiator." "Your HEELS were late."

And so that was how I first had my ass beat with a broom. Let me tell you about it. You are bent over, holding your balls closely with one hand, the other on the radiator for support. Your eyes closed, your heart pumping. The slide, the swish, the low whistle, the force.

It is driven into you, and then on beyond. You are somehow left behind. They will find you in the morning.

Afterwards, you start to feel. Slowly the shock waves rise up from your ass, to the hip bones and the thigh burns, and then they connect to the back bones which are connected to the neck bones, which are connected to the head bones, and in spite of the grip you had on your balls and the way you braced yourself against the radiator, you are driven forward onto your chest. Your feet slide back away from you. You are on your knees.

You should be praying. And you sort of do. You say to yourself, of course, Christ Almighty, that hurt; MY GOD, that hurt. You stand up and do an about face.

"All right, musto. You can go."

Where do you go? You know you're paralyzed but you attempt to move one foot in front of the other. I suppose it is the effect of the prayers as well as the gradual anesthesia of the broom shot that starts you walking again. You are out of the room and back on the stoop, and in time you are at the Post Exchange. and you have a coke. Standing up. of course.

The thing about it was that I just couldn't understand why. [...]

But here, all of a sudden I was made to feel unwelcome, to put it mildly, or outlawed, to put it strongly. I longed for something, someone to say something that was kind. That I had the choice of leaving never occurred to me, for I was the one who had put myself in this position. There was absolutely no way I could ask for relief. Well, I thought, tomorrow is another day, and we'll see what happens.

It was time to get back to the room and ready for dinner.

This is a way of saying Mess Call. By now I knew

that the bugle tune that went da-da-da-di-da-da, da-da-da-di-da (sometimes called Soupy) would pull me out of the room to formation, and I would have to have a tie and windbreaker on, and have my hands washed and my shoes shined.

[...]

THE MILITARY

In September, in the Shenandoah, it is still hot. The trees stand still even though the air waves as it climbs them, and the dust does not really rise while we are out on the parade grounds trying to learn the most impossible movements thought to be simple by the corporal who was flailing us.

Right face. It took a dancer with balance and timing. Left face. It was the same, only more awkward for me. About face. A physical impossibility, and if you started with your left foot a complete disaster [...] I suddenly found myself pulled out of our drill group and put on exhibit in front of the others. It turned out that I was the example of how not to do whatever we were supposed to be doing, and in those minutes I also became very serious about learning.

I watched when the corporal demonstrated, and concentrated on keeping my balance. Soon I was back with the others, all strangers, while another boy was pulled out of ranks and staggered about.

I was wet from the perspiring heat, and dust had risen halfway up to my knees. I licked the perspiration to moisten my lips, and immediately was sorry when the salt stung.

Close order drill was only for new cadets. We were a squad, that is eight boys, four in line in front and four in line in the rear.

We would not be formed into our regular company ranks until we had mastered the fundamentals, and by God we would master them if it took all day!

As matter of fact, some of us did come close, and it almost took all afternoon; but then the wind came up and the dust began to swirl and the corporal marched us back to the front of the barracks, snarling at our incompetence.

My new uniform and shoes took fifteen minutes to nearly restore. There was no time for a shower before supper formation.

I was proud to be able to do some of the things we had learned as we raggedly marched to the mess hall. And I was very hungry.

Within a week the routine had settled upon us and almost all of the new cadets had gotten themselves into an acceptable semblance of being nearly able to execute the faces. as well as squads left and right, and column left and right, and of course forward march and halt.

We were now in our permanent places, and mine

was in the middle of the rear ranks of the second squad of the second platoon of D Company.

My feet did not hurt very much any more.

Forms became faces, and names persons, and persons became people you would recognize. I learned by memory as fast as I could who were new cadets, because that way you would know that everybody else was an OLD MAN and not a RAT.

One fooled me. I would stand up when he came in the room and do the things I had learned to do when in the presence of an old man. After I found out he was a rat, too, we had a slight fight. But I began to have a feeling of belonging, and O Company became an entity. Joe Lea was our captain and his liquid drawl commanded respect apart from his four stripes. and since we were shorter in height than C, B, or A Companies--but taller than the juniors in E, we seemed to try harder to be military. If I had not been homesick I think it would have almost been fun.

ONE COAL, TWO COAL, THREE TOURS

I suppose that it is inevitable that you will not do everything right. And it follows, inevitably, that something will be done about this.

I must give you an example. You have some difficulty in tying the laces on your shoes. This in turn has somewhat hurried you in tying your tie. And so the tie takes more than its share of dressing time and you try to hurry something else along, and in the final event these things have all added up to lost precious minutes which cause you to arrive at the particular formation late.

For this you are stuck, or, to put it in the military vernacular, you are placed on report. Comes Saturday morning the rewards for these reports are published on the bulletin board in the Arch.

So and so gets five tours, which means that he must march around the entire parade ground drive, rifle on shoulder, five times; so and so has three tours; so and so has two tours. And then, so and so and so and so and so and so have two, three, four, five, ten, or twenty coal.

The first time I got coal, I didn't know what they meant. The second time I got coal, I damn well knew what they meant. What they meant was that you went down to the side of the big study hall, on the west side where the huge coal pile stood, and where there were wheelbarrows and shovels, and you filled up a wheelbarrow full of coal and staggered down the uneven ruts to the boiler room, and gasped for breath at the weight of it, until you got to the coal bin, and then you shoved with all your might until the wheelbarrow finally flipped over and the coal crashed into the area next to the boilers. (Who shoveled it into the furnaces, I never did find out.) That was one coal.

Of course, if, on the way down that rutty path, the

MEWBORN continued from page 19

center of gravity should shift, you would find, as I did, that the fully loaded wheelbarrow would commence to careen to the side, and when you tried to hold it back with all of your one hundred and fourteen pounds it would eventually turn away from your hands and ground itself, and all of the coal would trickle away on the turf.

Then you would have to go back and get the shovel, and straighten up the wheelbarrow, and shovel the coal back into it. As a matter of fact, many times one coal turned out to be two or three coal. After a while I learned that by making some illness claim, you could get the corporal of the guard to substitute tours for coal. This, I felt, was a more aristocratic way to do penance. It also resulted in my learning to tie my shoes more carefully, as well as my tie.

But, nevertheless, a coal was a tour, and in fact the coals were more important than the tours, because they did have a part in the way that life went on in the school.

There was no other person to shovel the coal to the boilers except those who were put on report and given that form of punishment. Oh, of course, in the warm days of early spring and late summer, the boilers did not have to heave and strain to keep the balance even. Indeed, in those warm times, you could walk past and not hear the rumble as the steam made its strong attempt.

But when the weather turned from hot to warm to cold even the walk to the Post Exchange would tell you that there would be more coal than tours when the punishments came that week.

And so you would be much more careful that your shoes were shined and gleaming, the lockers would be completely dusted, the brass would blaze; and you would somehow be down in formation long before the bugle said, "Fall in."

No matter. Something would always go wrong.
[...]

There were a few times when I tried to catch someone who took the coal I shoveled and rammed it into the boilers. I took to starting back with the wheelbarrow, slowing the pace to make

it sound that I was farther away, and then slipping back to peer down into the darkness of the chute. Nothing. I never saw a soul. But then, when I came back with another barrow-full, the load I had dumped before had disappeared. But also I could smell the hotter fire of the boilers, and the tarry smoke, and I would peer into the pits and wonder.

And then [Roller] appeared from nowhere and stood over the ratty path. Had he not been in uniform I could have sworn he was the devil. I hastily rolled the wheelbarrow, and began to shovel in the coal rapidly. When it was full, I tried to lift, and staggering, rolled toward the bin.

"Just hold it, there," came his roar. "You call that coal? Twenty shovels, or you start over." "Yes sir. Twenty shovels." Throw it in, stagger around, teeter-totter, hold it, it's going, dig in and fight it. Jump.

"Report to me in the Commandant's office," he said.

[...]

He was big, and I would guess he weighed about two fifty. Even when he was sitting down behind his desk he somehow seemed to me to be taller than I was, and if I have to tell the truth he really was. I'll take you back a few steps, out into the archway, as you come up to the three steps and the door that says "Major Charles S. Roller, Commandant."

There are funny knots in your stomach that roil, and your young lungs don't seem able to bring in the air you need, so that when you finally prepare to knock and enter stiffly, with your cap properly tucked under your left arm, right at the salute, and your nose smells the stuffy papers and the furniture polish, you still cannot escape the size of the man, who was not fat.

"What is it?" he asked.

"You told me to report to you," I said.

"What for?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said, "Except it had to do with the coal."

"Sir," I added, thinking this might distract him,

Well, this did not distract him. He might have turned his head slightly if there had been an earthquake or a four-alarm fire, or if one of the

juniors had fallen out of the fourth floor tower, or if someone had tried to sneak past the windows of the door by stooping down, but he was used to "Sir" and handled it very well.

"How many coal have you got?" he asked.

"Well, sir, I got five coal, and I've got three in."
"What did you get the five coal for?"

"I was late to reveille, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"How tall are you?" "How much do you weigh?"
And another question or two.

I was shaking so bad by now I had trouble standing at attention. And my immediate answer failed to come out when my throat closed up involuntarily and my "five foot six" became "fi... glug...ve" The "hundred fourteen" came out better, but I was at his mercy.

The revelation came then. He lurched up out of the swivel chair and came halfway around the desk and gently pounded his hand upon my shoulder.

[...]

"What is your name, son?" he said.

"Mewburn," I said, which is the way they said it down there.

"All right. The coal is done, for this time. But if you ever get coal again, you do coal the way you're supposed to do it."

At this time I have to say that, at that moment, I revered and loved [him] as I did my own father, who also was a big man, and I almost secretly vowed to do better.

Except that I had for some years tried to outwit my own father, and I suppose that I had the same feeling then, as I thanked him and left the Commandant's Office, and started back to my room, sorting out in my mind the things I would tell the ones who knew where I had been, and for what, and keeping for myself the feeling that this large man was not as mean as I had thought he would be, and also that I wasn't tough at all.

Marketing / PR Committee Year-End Report

Members: Garry Granger, '71 (chair), Steve Trent, '70, B.J. d'Orsay, '70, Amy Hensley (Museum Director), and Rich vanBremen, (Museum Collections Curator)

Mission: *To market and create a positive awareness of AMA's museum, our history and our legacy to alumni, faculty, staff and friends, locally, nationally and internationally in an on-going effort to increase visitors, gain docents, find volunteers and raise contributions.*

Accomplishments and current activities:

Eleven committee meetings have been held via Zoom since the committee was formed in April. We assisted the museum staff with details of the Museum's Grand

Re-Opening last summer.

In reaching out to the community, we have given ZOOM presentations highlighting AMA's history, prominent alumni, and the museum to all four local Kiwanis Chapters and are seeking other organizations to do the same. All have been very well received!

We have been reaching out to our alumni base by developing marketing emails for monthly distribution via Constant Contact. We have sent out three editions of what we call the *Marketing Up-date Snapshot* containing three headlines: FACTS, CALENDAR and NEWS.

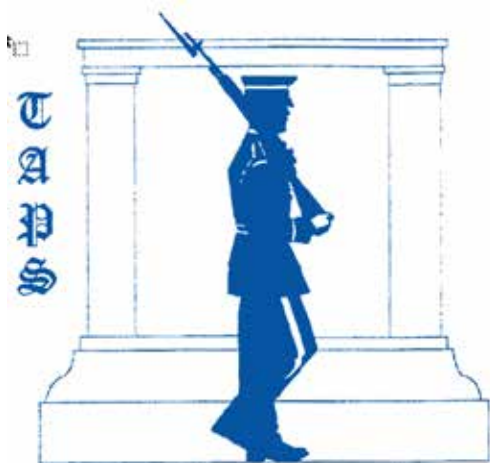
We are also currently helping market Reunion 2021 and the "Who's your One?" Initiative to help increase

Reunion participation. Finally we are currently assisting the Museum Administrator with advertising strategies.

Future Projects:

Beginning in March, Honor Classes for Reunion 2021 in September will be emailed a one-page promotion specific to their class encouraging their participation in the reunion.

Our next large-scale project will focus on initiating mini reunions in areas where we have numerous alumni: Richmond, VA, Miami, FL, Baltimore, MD. Raleigh, NC, San Antonio, TX and possibly others as interest increases. Details will be presented at Reunion 2021 in September.



**Report deaths of AMA Alumni,
Faculty and Friends to the
AMA Museum
P. O. Box 101
Fort Defiance, VA 24437
540-248-3007
Museum@AMAalumni.org**

Robert S. Allen, '35

November 8, 1915 - December 28, 1973

First Year: Private Quartermaster Co., 155-pound boxing champion, Varsity Basketball. Second Year: Private Quartermaster Co., Varsity Football, Varsity Basketball, Varsity Track, Monogram Club. Third Year: Color Sergeant Quartermaster Co., 165-pound Company Boxing Champion, Varsity Football, Co-captain Varsity Basketball. Fourth Year: First Lieutenant Quartermaster Co., Captain Varsity Football, Co-captain Varsity, Basketball, Vice-President Honor Committee, Vice-President Student Body, Vice-President Y. M. C. A., President Bible Class, Treasurer of Cotillion Club, President Monogram Club.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Clayton Eugene Rich, '41

July 23, 1922 - May 7, 2004

First Year: Private Co. "B" Junior Varsity Basketball Team. Second Year: Corporal Co. "B," Recall Staff, Junior Varsity Basketball Team, N. K. K. Club. Third Year: Platoon Sergeant Co. "D," Recall Staff, Bayonet Staff, Captain Peep Football Team, Swimming Team, Honor Committee, Vice-President Literary Society, Monogram Club. Fourth Year: First Lieutenant Co. "A," Officer of Student Body, Honor Committee, President of Final Ball, Cotillion Club Treasurer, Swimming Team, Monogram Club, Recall Staff.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Arthur F Trenton '43

March 8, 1925 - July 11, 2009

Platoon Sgt. Co. "A" (2): J. V. Football (1, 2): Honor Committee (2): J. V. Basketball (1).

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

John Livingston Codling, '44

Died May 9, 2020

Jack is known to us all as a dashing back on the gridiron. His handsome looks are known to many women with whom he has attained great success.

Some of the names listed below passed away in earlier years, but were never reported or recognized in *The Bayonet*. We include them now out of respect for the time they spent at AMA.

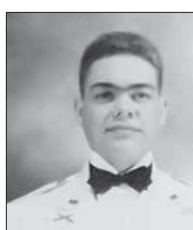
Full obituaries can be found on our website at AMAalumni.org/ama-alumni-obituaries/



Robert S. Allen, '35



Clayton Rich, '41



Arthur Trenton, '43



John Codling '44



Fred Haden, '44



Chas. Winston, '47



Archie Holliday, '48



Paul Hancock, '48



William Lane, '48



Jim Council, '49

His pleasing smile and quick wit have won him many friends during his two years' stay at Augusta. Good luck pal, and we know you will have great success in later life.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Fred M. Haden, '44

October 7, 1926 - June 29, 2018

Our "Projection Room Kid" will climb out of his booth for the last time this year at Augusta and will depart with a glorious record behind him. Fred has made many friends while here and will continue doing so. He had a lot of what it takes and gave his all for his school. Fred will make good, we know. So. good luck. Kid.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Charles M. Winston Sr., '47

September 11, 1929 - February 9, 2021

Charlie hails from North Carolina and do we know it. Full of pep, witty, very intelligent, what more could you want in a cadet? As an NCO he stood among the best. A mainstay of the varsity football squad, a member of the wrestling team and an honor student.

Paul H. Hancock, '48

Died April 3, 2017

Paul is an athlete, a scholar and an outstanding officer, all rolled up into one cadet. His work with the YMCA has helped this unit to keep advancing. Pleasing in personality and easy to win friends make us realize what a fine fellow we have had with us.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Archie C. Holliday, '48

July 30, 1930 - October 20, 2020

Archie is one of those quiet cadets who goes about

his business doing his job and in a manner to bring commendation. A good student and an excellent NCO.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

William T Lane '48

Dates unknown

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

James Ward Council, '49

Died June 30, 2020

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Ben Angle, '51

April 1, 1932 - October 13, 2019

"Ben", Fourth Year Cadet, Captain of "B" Co., Honor Committee, Honor Roll, Roller Rifles, President Cotillion Club, Varsity Football, Varsity Basketball, Lacrosse

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

C. Alfred Cleveland, Jr., '51

Died March 13, 2016

"Al", Room 136, New Cadet, Private in Band, Tiger Football, JV Basketball

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Allan Joseph Doyle, '52

Died November 18, 2020

"Al", Room 128, New Cadet, Private in "HQ" Co., Varsity Football, Baseball, Basketball.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Joseph Peyton Moore Sr., '52

June 15, 1934 - October 31, 2020



Ben Angle, '51



Alfred Cleveland, '51



Allan Doyle, '52



Joseph Moore, '52



Cole Sandridge, '52



Hampton Foley, '55



Dave Merenick, '55



James Hume, '57



George Petty, '58



Ronald Baker, '61



James Crawford, '61



Frederick Cazenave, '63



David Holsinger, '64



Ken Koehler, '64

Cole W Sandridge, Jr, '52

Mar 12, 1933 – Nov 16, 2019

Fourth Year, Captain "D" Co., Room 4, Decorating Committee, Cotillion Club, Roller Rifles.

Chairman of Decorating Committee clever in thinking up new ideas for changing the gym into another dance hall — Roller Rifles — Captain of "D" Co. — average student — excellent officer and Cadet O. C. — methodical in all that he does — tops when it comes to getting the small boys in "D" Co. to put out for his organization.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Hampton W. Foley, '55

December 17, 1937 - October 27, 2020

Fourth Year Cadet, 1st Lt in "HQ" Co., Tiger Football, Wrestling, Baseball, Honor Roll, Roller Rifles

Small in stature but large in every other sense of the word. An excellent student and an even better one should time permit him to devote all the time he would wish to do so. Tops in athletics as his performance in Tiger Football, Varsity Wrestling, Baseball, Roller Rifle Membership. One of the best commissioned officers as his work with Headquarters Company has been an example for all to follow..

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

David A Merenick, '55

January 21, 1940 - June 20, 2016

Fourth Year Cadet, M/Sgt. in "C" Co., Varsity Football

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

James C. D. Hume, '57

November 8, 1938 - June 26, 2020

Pvt., 1; SFC, 2; 1st Sgt., 3; Capt. 4; Football, 2, 3, 4; Swimming, 1-4; Lacrosse, 1; Cotillion Club, 1-4; Roller Rifles, 3, 4; Bayonet, 3, 4.

With a moniker like Jim has, he has to be good, and that's exactly what he is—good in athletics, good in academics, and good inside. He has been a credit to Headquarters Company for four years, and a real asset to the football team for three, especially during the past season when he made the most beautiful

tackle seen in these parts in many years. Jim also excells at the Hall, as does his twin.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

George G. Petty, '58

December 31, 1940 - November 7, 2020

Pvt., 1-4; Day Student; Basketball, 1, 2; Lacrosse, 1; Wrestling, 3, 4.

Local boy makes good! That statement holds for each member of the Petty family. George, the middle man of the Petty trio, has starred in academics, politeness, and hard work. Youth leader at the Old Stone Church, George has developed into one of the top men in the Presbytery. "Fill'er up?" Daily, George lends his service to the Fort's southern service, but those grades are right up at the top.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Ronald H. Baker, '61

August 7, 1941 - September 4, 2020

Pvt.; Football; Wrestling; Track, Lacrosse Baseball; Honor Committee; Drama Group; Cotillion Club; Post Graduate.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

James F. Crawford, '61

Died February 2, 2021

Pvt., 1; M/Sgt, 2, colors; 1st Captain, Battle Group Commander, 3; Football, 1,2; Basketball, 1,2; Lacrosse, 1-3; Cotillion Club, 1-3, vice-president, 3; President, Student Body Officers, 3; President, Honor Committee, 3; Commander, Roller Rifles, 3; Trophy, Most Sportsmanship, Intra-Murals, 2; Ad Astra Per Aspera, 2,3; Final Ball President, 3.

"Curtain up . . . light the lights . . . he's got nothing to hit but the heights!" When Jim first landed at AMA. he was determined to succeed, and in such a short time, he's developed into the best Battle Group Commander which AMA has ever had — his warmth, his concern for others makes him a storehouse of affection. A fine athlete, a top officer, and a hard working student, Jim has potentially the most ability that any cadet at AMA has had in a long, long time. His impartiality is a great asset and his deep faith, his convictions of right and wrong stand him in line for success wherever he goes. Jim found himself and he found a home at AMA ... it will be a long

time before anyone can fill his small shoes. For him, every thing's coming up roses for he'll always have someone to watch over him.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Frederick Cazenave Jr, '63

October 14, 1945 - October 2, 2020

Pvt. 1; Cpl. 2,3; Sgt. 4; NROTC winner 4; Cotillion Club 3; RECALL 3; Chess Club 2,3; Honor Roll 1,2,4. Honors come to Fred rapidly in his senior year. A Naval ROTC scholarship winner, Fred was also picked for an Air Academy appointment. Small and limbo- minded, Fred's mind is as quick as his dance movements. Master of the quick comeback and incisive cut, Fred's maturity began to show as he gained responsibility. Quick to ferret out information, his aid to the '62 RECALL was in the superior vein. He's that way in everything he attempts.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

David R. Holsinger, '64

October 14, 1944 - July 7, 2020

New Cadet Senior, Private "HQ" Co., Football.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Kenneth James Koehler '64

March 2, 1952 - February 4, 2012

New Cadet Private.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Joseph G. Morrow, '64

July 23, 1944 - January 1, 2021

Rifle Team, 4th year; Roller Rifles; 3rd year; Cpl., 1, 2, 3; 1st Lt., 4th; "HQ" Co.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Charles S. Kiser, Jr, '66

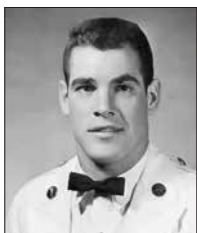
November 9, 1946 - October 7, 2020

Pvt., Day Student, Football, Track, Privilege List.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~



Joseph Morrow, '64



Charles Kiser '66



William Shorts, '66



Thomas Trent, '68



Bill Baeder, '69



Donald Dixon, '71



Joe Goldberg, '71,



John Paul, '71



Escolastico Schlaffke, '84

William L. Shorts, Jr., '66

May 27, 1948 - November 11, 2020

Private, Y.M.C.A.
~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Thomas Wayne Trent '68

November 23, 1948 - January 6, 2004

New Cadet, "Band" Co., Pvt.; Football, Basketball.
~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Bill Baeder '69

June 18, 1950 - December 21, 2019

Lt., 3; Football, 2, 3; Fencing, 2, 3; Lacrosse, 2, 3;
Roller Rifles, 3.

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Donald Lloyd Dixon, '71

Died September 11, 1996

Cpl. 5; Privilege List 1.
~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Joe Goldberg '71

Died March 8, 2018

2nd Lt, 3; Roller Rifles; 2/ 3; JV Football, 1; JV
Basketball, 1 2; Basketball, 3; Lacrosse, 2, 3

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

John Herbert Paul Jr, '71

Died July 28, 2006

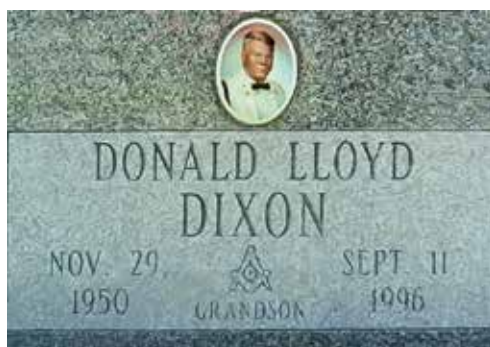
John PAUL — SFC, 2; Honor Roll, 1,2; Roller Rifles,
2; "Bayonet", 1, editor, 1, 2; Superior MTI, 1

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~

Escolastico Arturo Ortega Schlaffke, '84

October 5, 1965 - June 7, 1998

~ Ad Astra Per Aspera ~



Don Dixon, '71, was one of the hundreds of AMA Cadets who finished their High School careers without any outstanding accomplishments, as recorded in their class's RECALL. Yet, his five years at AMA impacted his life enough to warrant his senior photo being part of his headstone!

James Ward Council, age 88, died peacefully on 6/30/2020 after a short battle with brain cancer.

James is survived by his wife of 67 years, Mary Alice, and three sons: Charles, David, and Scott. He also had two grandchildren: Joseph, and Molly.

James is a veteran of the Korean and Vietnam Wars. For his service, he earned a Bronze Star, Meritorious Service Medal, and Legion of Merit. He served honorably in the United States Air Force, retiring after a successful 30-year career and achieving the rank of Colonel.

James was a command pilot with thousands of hours of flying time in a variety of fixed-wing aircraft including the B-26, B-29, C-47, and venerable B-47. Outside the cockpit, James was an outstanding financial analyst and Comptroller, holding several top Comptroller positions with the Strategic Air Command and Military Airlift Command. James also supported numerous veterans' groups and causes throughout his life. He made charitable donations and volunteered his time annually providing IRS tax support every Spring. In retirement, James and Mary Alice traveled the world visiting six of seven continents.

James's experience at Augusta Military Academy and in the U.S Air Force played a very important role in his life. He frequently pointed out that AMA and the Air Force taught him the value of discipline, teamwork, and investing in a cause larger than himself. He would often explain to loved ones how these values contributed to his success and distinguished 30-year career.

James was laid to rest after a military funeral at Cape Canaveral National Cemetery on 1/11/2021.

[Ed: This tribute was sent to us by Jim's son, Scott. Thank you, Scott! All of Jim's medals are a part of the Museum of Augusta Military Academy's collection. Several are pictured below.]



Bronze Star



Meritorious Service



Legion Of Merit

Scholarship Recipients Express Appreciation

Each year the AMA Alumni Foundation awards scholarships to direct descendants of AMA alumni.

Hello Trustees,

I am writing to update you on the progress of my first semester at James Madison University and to once again thank you for awarding me with the 2020 Augusta Military Academy Zinkhan/McVey Scholarship.

While I have been at James Madison University, I have enjoyed taking a wide variety of classes, making new friends, and exploring the campus and the city of Harrisonburg in my free time. Initially, the guidelines the university put in place, in regards to the Covid-19 pandemic, were slightly difficult to get used to, however, after about a week they had been easily ingrained into my daily routine. Other than that, my transition from high school to college has been pretty smooth, because the Dual Enrollment and Advanced Placement classes that I took in high school have prepared me very well for college coursework and the workload that comes with it.

My favorite thing about my first semester at James Madison University has been the wide variety of classes I have been able to take, because the material is very different, and much more interesting, than the material that was covered in high school. Currently, the classes I am taking include: Foundations of American Education, Geography: The Global Dimension, World History Since 1500, Life Span Human Development, and Accelerated Review of Elementary Spanish. Out of the classes I have taken my first semester my favorite class has been my Geography class, because we have learned about various geographical features and about various cultures from around the world. I am also looking forward to the classes I am taking during the spring semester, which include: Introduction to Microeconomics, World History to 1500, Introduction

to Philosophy, Intermediate Spanish I, and Introduction to Social Studies Education Seminar.

Currently I am not participating in any clubs, because I wanted to wait and see what the workload would be like in the fall semester before I joined any clubs so that I could adjust to college and then become more involved during the spring semester. I would like to get involved with a club sports team in the spring, however, that is dependent upon if the Covid-19 guidelines set in place by the governor and the university allow for club sports teams to practice and compete.

I would also like to thank the Augusta Military Academy again for awarding me with the 2020 Augusta Military Zinkhan/McVey Scholarship because it has helped my family greatly in paying for my college education.

Thank you,
Nicholas Liles



Dear Distinguished AMA Alumni,

I first want to begin with thanking you for choosing me to be a recipient of an Augusta Military Alumni scholarship. I am truly honored to be a recipient of this scholarship as Augusta Military Academy is a place near and dear to my heart. Augusta Military Academy meant so much to my grandfather, **Albert E. "Buddy" Krise III**, and to have received this scholarship meant having a piece of him with me through my journey in school. I have been doing well with focusing my attention on my nursing courses and maintaining my overall health and wellbeing during these difficult times. I have had to adapt to having online classes along with adapting to the essential personal protective equipment I have to wear while attending in person labs twice a week for a couple hours at a time. Even with these difficult times, I have learned how to adapt to be successful in my academics in hopes of becoming a future nurse.

During COVID, my weekly and daily schedules looked a bit different than what a typical day and week would look like during the school year. During a typical day for me includes waking up around 7 and beginning schoolwork around 7:30 to 7:45. Typically during the day my schoolwork consisted of recorded lectures or synchronous lectures depending on which classes I had that day along with reviewing new material and completing modules and other assignments for my classes. Normally I wrap up my schoolwork around 8 or 9 in the evening along with including a one hour break from 6pm to 7pm to eat dinner and shower. A typical week consisted of me having classes Monday through Thursday with having in person lab classes on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This would consist of me going to the nursing school clinical stimulation lab to practice essential nursing skills that are used in everyday practice. My Fridays through Sundays consist of me doing laundry and running errands along with completing any assignments that may need to be completed. In addition, I build in time throughout the weekend to study the material that I had learned that week in my classes. My weeks were very busy making sure that I stayed on top of all my nursing core classes

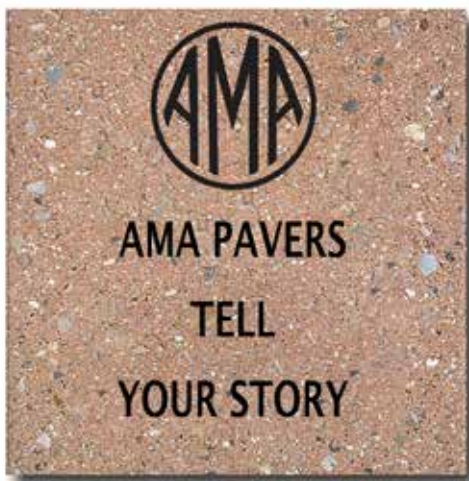
while still making time to take part in self-care and complete my chores for the week.

The scholarship money that I have received through the Academy is going towards my tuition for the 2020-2021 school year at the University of Virginia's School of Nursing. My tuition encompasses all of my nursing core classes that provide the specialized nursing knowledge that I will use in my future career as a labor and delivery nurse. My nursing core classes are broken down into online lecture portions learning the main nursing concepts. Then I have the hands-on practice of nursing skills during lab clinicals which provide me with the opportunity to practice essential nursing skills that I will perform on a daily basis.

Once again, I would like to thank the Augusta Military Academy Alumni for selecting me as a recipient for an Alumni Scholarship. My grandfather, Buddy, would have been so proud of my love and devotion to not only my education but to his school that he loved so much. My love and dedication to my schooling and education would not be as large without the influence of my grandfather who taught me the importance of education and what it has to offer. I shall cherish this amazing opportunity and gift for the remainder of my educational journey and beyond.

Thank you,
Ashley K. Jones





Paver Order Form

Options:

4" x 8" ~ 3 lines of 20 characters each - \$50

8" x 8" ~ 6 lines of 20 characters each - \$100

8" x 8" ~ 3-6 lines of 20 characters plus graphic - \$225

*number of lines depends on size of graphic

Left: example of 8 x 8 with graphic and three lines of text.

Fill in the blanks below. **PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY!** Only one paver per order form. Print additional copies for additional pavers. When you buy a paver, you SUPPORT AMA'S ALUMNI FOUNDATION.

Your Name : _____ Class, if any: _____

Address: _____ City, State, Zip: _____

Phone: (____) _____ - _____ Email: _____

WHAT SIZE PAVER DO YOU WANT? ____ 4" x 8" - \$50

____ 8" x 8" - \$100

____ 8" x 8" with _____ graphic - \$225
graphic at ____ top or ____ bottom

* contact museum for custom size and placement of graphic, additional charges may apply

Punctuation marks and spaces count as characters!

Please PRINT below what you want on your engraved brick:

Line 1: _____

Line 2: _____

Line 3: _____

Line 4: _____

Line 5: _____

Line 6: _____

Mail form to: AMA Museum, PO BOX 100, FORT DEFIANCE, VA 24437

Include check or money order made payable to AMA Alumni Foundation

OR call the museum at (540) 248-3007 with your credit card information

OR email form to museum@AMAalumni.org, then call with payment information

OR call the museum to place your paver order over the phone.



BAND



AMA



ROLLER RIDERS



ROLLER RIFLES

*Friday's' Historic Tour, hosted by Frank Williamson, '60,
takes us on a tour of the home of James Madison*

Join us for a tour of our fourth President James Madison's home, **Montpelier**.

Our tour will depart the Blackburn Inn Friday morning.

Transportation, admission, and a deluxe box lunch is included in the \$45 cost.



2021 Raffle

The cost is \$25 per chance per item, or five chances for \$100.

Only 250 chances will be sold!

There is no limit on the number of chances you may purchase.

Drawing will be held during Reunion in September. You do not need to be present to win!
Purchase at the link below. Questions? Contact Victor Gomez at victorgomez7@gmail.com

<https://amaalumni.org/reunion-2021-raffle/>

Why come back to a reunion?

I've heard from several of you that you once attended a reunion and did not know anyone there, no one talked to you, you had a terrible time, and so you've never been back.

I had a similar experience. At my first reunion in 1996, 26 years after graduation, I knew only a handful of my classmates, and we just did not "connect," so I was feeling like a fish out of water.

Frank Williamson, '60, spotted me and he took me under his wing and made my first reunion one to remember. He and his fellow '60 grads came to my rescue and voted to "officially" induct me into the class of 1960. So, as far as I know, I am the only alumnus who can truthfully be known as a member of two classes: **B.J. d'Orsay, '60, '70**.

The lesson to be learned here is first that you can create lasting friendships with fellow AMA alumni whom you did not know during your time at school.

Second, you can reach out to that "fish out of water" during our reunions, and develop friendships with them. They're usually not that hard to spot.

We all have that first year in common, regardless of how many years you attended and whether or not you graduated.

Everyone is welcome and will be welcomed!

I for sure will make an effort to visit, even if only briefly, with everyone who joins me in September, and I will be on the lookout for that "Fish out of water."

If you've never visited our museum, or if it has been a while, I challenge each of you to visit in 2021.

I was out of touch for 25 years after graduating in 1970.

I can still remember the pounding in my chest and the tears welling up as I topped the hill at the Old Stone Church and caught my first glimpse of barracks. It's a feeling I'll never forget.

I've been back many, many times since, even though it's a 3-day drive for me from West Texas.

Sitting on the porch of the museum and reminiscing of the good times, along with the bad, is one of the highlights of my life in my latter years.

~ B.J. d'Orsay



At press time, the plan for reunion Golf is to tee up Friday morning at Ingleside. Green fees are expected to be about \$32. **Paul Poluito, '73**, (cpp2q@virginia.edu) is the contact person for this event.



Reunion 2021

Rescheduled for September 17-18

Major Changes Planned for Reunion 2021

New headquarter Hotel, New events, New venues

For the first time in the history of our organization a planned reunion event (R2020) had to be canceled this past April due to COVID19. And now we have had to postpone the 2021 Reunion to September, again due to COVID 19. Your AMA Reunion Committee has taken these opportunities to carefully review past Reunion events and venues and consider many suggestions being voiced by our alumni. Everyone felt it was time shake things up resulting in some significant changes to our reunions going forward. First we eliminated any official event on Thursday, however early registration and hospitality will be available for those arriving on Thursday. Although there are some important and required events that will remain, the Committee has been working to allow for more fellowship

opportunities at the location where our memories were made....our AMA campus. Hospitality AMA Breakfast Soupy at Hoover Hall; Meetings in the Big Room and Texas Style BBQ are planned. For the first time the "Ladies of AMA" will hold at our campus a Fun Art event for all ladies that attend R2021. For this Reunion we have selected the Blackburn Inn, in Staunton, VA as the R2021 alumni headquarter venue. Due to a very limited number of rooms and contractual obligations it is imperative that you **make your hotel room reservations no later than August 13, 2021** and provide them with **special pricing event code AMA21** in order to get a nightly rate of \$99.00 plus tax.

R2021 Hotel Headquarters:

The Blackburn Inn & Conference Center
301 Greenville Ave
Staunton, VA 24401
540-712-0601

guestservices@blackburn-inn.com

SPECIAL RATE \$99.00 PLUS TAX YOU MUST PROVIDE/
USE SPECIAL PRICING CODE OF : "AMA21"

<https://blackburn-inn.com>

This is a boutique type of hotel with a limited number of rooms. We have been able to secure just a few rooms at this special rate and once they are gone, they are gone. August 13, 2021 is the deadline but we do not anticipate any rooms being available by then, so to play it safe, make your reservations before year's end. Alumni had fully booked all the available rooms for R2020 before it was canceled due to COVID19 so be aware.

All of us in the Reunion Committee look forward to seeing all of you and especially the honor classes including AMA Class of 1970 now celebrating their 51st and 1971 celebrating their 50th at the beautiful Blackburn Inn.



2021 Reunion Itinerary/Schedule

Below is a preliminary schedule, and is subject to change as the reunion gets closer.

Thursday, 9/16/21

- 1600-2000 Hours Early Registration and Hospitality Room open Blackburn Inn

Friday, 9/17/21

Casual Day

- 0730 - 1630 Registration AMA gymnasium
- 0800 - 1000 Hospitality Soupy call at Hoover Hall serving AMA Breakfast: Bacon sandwiches, Motor Oil Coffee, over toasted toast, Onion tasting Milk.
- 0900 - 1600 Off-campus activities:
 - **Historical Tour**- President James Madison's Home "Montpelier". Departing Main Barracks Blacktop Area.
 - **Golf Outing at Ingleside**...on your own. Find "Walter" Tee Time TBA
 - **Sporting Clays** at Flying Rabbit (Crawford, VA @ 20 miles)
- 0900 - 1600 Silent Auction – Raffle and Tower of Power sale at AMA Gymnasium
- 1200 - 1330 Hospitality Soupy call - Hot Dogs and Burgers cookout at Hoover Hall
- 1400 - 1530 Ladies of AMA event TBA
- 1400 - 1500 Sporting event fundraiser - weather permitting, Front Field, details TBA
- 1730 - 1830 Welcome and Hospitality location TBA
- 1800 - 2200 Silent Auction continues
- 1830 - 1945 Texas Style BBQ and Fundraiser location TBA
- 1945 - 2200 GROG Ceremony honoring AMA Faculty location TBA

Several of our alumni sat for video interviews during the 2017 reunion. Mess hall cuisine was often discussed during these interviews.

View them all at <https://amaalumni.org/ama-videos/>

Saturday, 9/18/21

Formal Day, please dress appropriately

- 0730 - 1300 Registration open AMA Gymnasium
- 0730 - 0815 Hospitality Soupy AMA breakfast at Hoover Hall; Pastries, day old doughnuts, AMA coffee
- 0830 - 0900 AMA Alumni General Membership Meeting at the Big Room
- 0945 - 1045 Foundation Board Meeting at the Big Room
- 1115 - 1230 Founder's Day Ceremony, Old Stone Church Cemetery.
- 1300 - 1430 AMA Luncheon and program AMA Gymnasium
- 1500 - 1700 Silent Auction open at Gymnasium
- 1800 - 1900 Cash Bar Blackburn Inn
- 1915 - 2045 Banquet and Program at Blackburn Inn
- 1800 - 2100 Silent Auction at Blackburn Inn
- 2100 - 2300 Hospitality Suite open at Blackburn Inn



Walter ...
Phone home

Our golf trophy
has gone missing.

If you know the
whereabouts of
Walter, please
contact the
museum to make
arrangements to
return him home.



Augusta Military Academy Alumni Association

REUNION 2021 SPONSORSHIP OPPORTUNITIES ARE STILL AVAILABLE

Gentlemen,

Your AMA Reunion Committee has been working diligently since late April 2020 securing a new venue for our reunion hotel headquarters and organizing a new format and events for Reunion 2021. We are trying to do some new things and significantly improve in the overall quality of the reunion experience. In order to make it affordable for as many alumni as possible we are opening certain events for sponsorship opportunities to help offset some of the costs. Excess sponsorship donations will be rolled over to the AMA Foundation as a donation.

All Sponsors will be recognized at all events and venues.

Here are the events/needs and the sponsorship amounts we are seeking:

Event / Activity	Total Sponsorship Amount	Partial Sponsorship
Registration Desk	\$500	5 @ \$100
Friday BBQ/GROG Event	\$2,500	5 @ \$500
Sporting Events (2)	\$200	2 @ \$100
Historic Bus Tour	\$500	5 @ \$100
Saturday Formal Banquet	\$3,500	7 @ \$500
Lunch at Gymnasium	\$3,000	3 @ \$1,000 or 6 @ \$500
Friday Breakfast Soupy	\$600	6 @ \$100
Friday Lunch Soupy	\$500	5 @ \$100
Hospitality Room	\$1,500	3 @ \$500
Founder's Day Wreath	\$200	2 @ \$100
Corsages / Flowers	\$200	4 @ \$50

Please be generous and consider becoming a sponsor at whatever level you can afford.

To make your pledge, please contact:

Jorge Roviroso, '70 at JOROVI@FAROV.COM

Garry Granger, '71 at GARRYGBD@GMAIL.COM

The most up-to-date reunion information can
always be found on our website.

AMAalumni.org

AMA PX

These and many more items can be seen and ordered directly by going to shop.AMAalumni.org or calling the museum at 540-248-3007



Roller Rifle Cigar Tray with Coin - \$45



AMA Coffee Mug - \$5.00



AMA Wine Glasses
(2) - \$30.00



Mounted Coins 8.5" x 6.4" - \$25.00



AMA Patch - \$8.00



AMA "Old Fashioned" Glasses
(2) - \$26.00



AMA Crossed Rifles
(2) - \$13.00



AMA Belt Buckle - \$20.00



AMA Cap - \$20.00

CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED



P.O. Box 100, Fort Defiance, VA 24437

Reunion Rescheduled to September 17-18

All details remain unchanged

<https://AMAalumni.org/reunion-2021/>

A note from **Nancy Carter**, wife of **Coleman Delynn "Nick" Carter MD, '61**:

He was Ad Astra, graduating 1961 as Editor of the Yearbook.

He went to Randolph Macon, graduated from UNC and UNC Med School. He's retired now and we are tightly quarantined.

*Some time ago, I wrote the story of my saga with SAT testing. There was a blizzard my Senior year at Stuart Hall ('63) and 2 of us Day Students, **Kaylin Canning** and I, couldn't get to school for the test. Since my Dad (**Lt. Col. Gardner**) taught at AMA, he had Kaylin and me enrolled as AMA students so we could take those tests. It was fun...and I even qualified as a National Merit Scholarship Finalist.*

*Nick doesn't respond to email traditionally, so I provide the family's link with AMA. My sister, **Margaret Lee Gardner Waters**, who was married to **Manley Caldwell, '54**, is still interested in AMA news, but she no longer is on the computer and I funnel the news to her also.*

Since last Fall, curator **Rich vanBreemen** at the museum and **B.J. d'Orsay, '70**, have been working to consolidate our various alumni lists into a single authoritative list. During this process, we have discovered two alumni who were marked as deceased but are actually alive and kicking.

Rich Downey, '66

Rich was traveling Rt 11, and stopped by the museum and left his business card and short note in our mail box. He had been reported deceased many years ago. I sent him a package of past Bayonets to help him get caught up and Rich is now on our mailing and email lists. He send me this note.

BJ,

Thank you for sending some of the issues of the Bayonet. I appreciated the read. It was disheartening however to see several friends whom I have lost touch with, having passed away. I appreciate what you are doing. AMA shaped my life, as it did for many men. Having put 34 years in the Army, Army Reserve, and VAARNG I know with certainty that my foundation was firmly and solidly set at AMA.

*Rich Downey
class of 66*

James Cunningham, '62

James' friend **Byrd Newton, '62**, contacted me when he saw James' name on the list of deceased classmates. He informed me that he has been in constant contact with James throughout the years. Byrd and I got this error corrected and James is back on our mailing and email lists now.